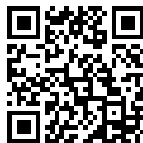


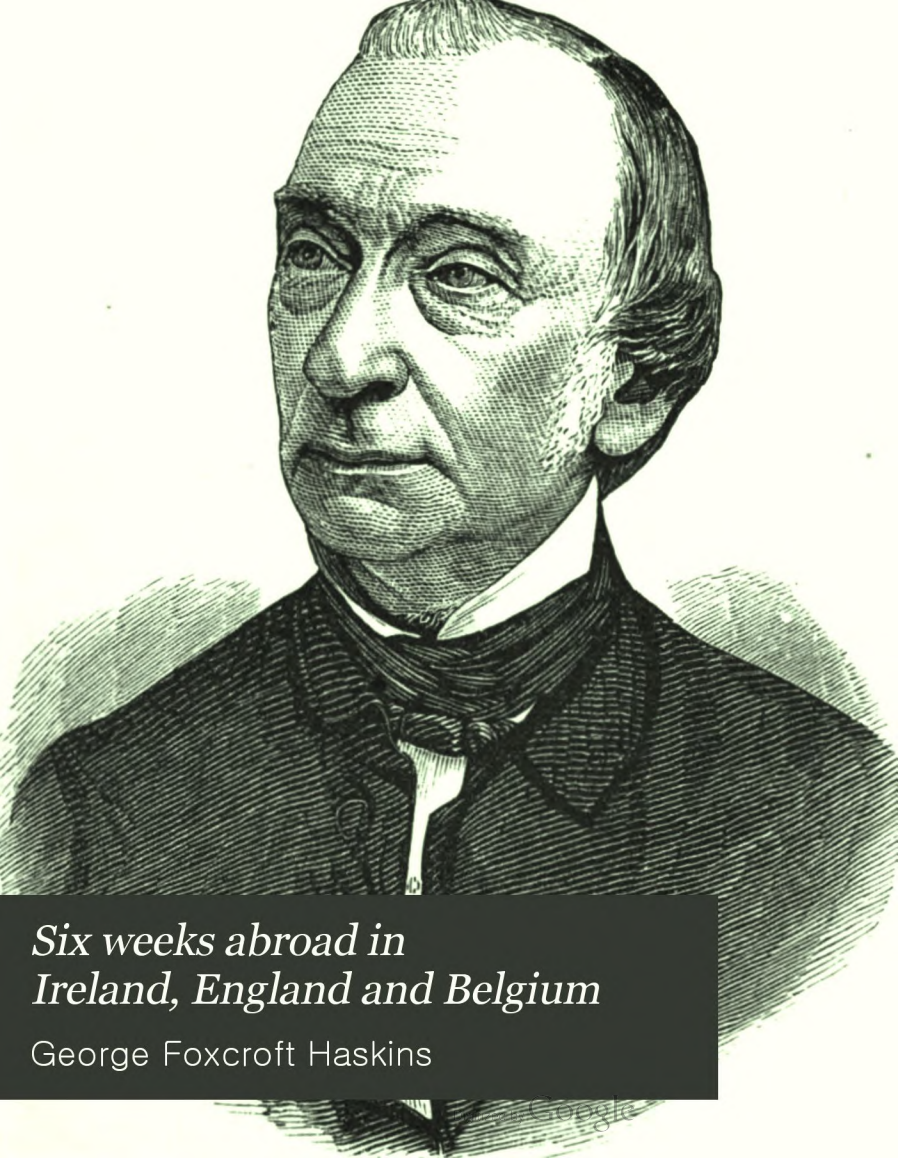
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*Six weeks abroad in  
Ireland, England and Belgium*

George Foxcroft Haskins

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**REV. GEORGE F. HASKINS.**

# WEEKS ABROAD

BY HENRY W. WEEKS

AND TO CROFT HASTING

WITH AN APPENDIX

AN APPENDIX

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY PATRICK DONOHUE,

191 NASSAU ST. N. Y.

1872.



# SIX WEEKS ABROAD

IN

IRELAND, ENGLAND AND BELGIUM.

BY

GEORGE FOXCROFT HASKINS, *of the class of 1826.*  
RECTOR OF THE HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.

WITH

AN APPENDIX.

---

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY PATRICK DONAHOE,

19 FRANKLIN STREET.

1872.

Geog 4308.71.5

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TO  
THE REV. JAMES A. HEALY,  
*Pastor of St. James's Church, Boston,*  
THIS LITTLE BOOK  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,  
BY HIS  
MOST SINCERE AND GRATEFUL FRIEND,  
THE AUTHOR.  
(iii)



## PREFACE.

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**T**HESE few pages make no pretension to learning or research. They are not published as a Book of Travels. They are simply the substance of a few lectures delivered by request, at different times and places, after my return from a short visit to the Old World, in 1871.

G. F. H.

BOSTON, January, 1872.

(v)





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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.

**T**HIS was my third trip across the Atlantic. My first was in 1840. I was then only a neophyte. I had just had the happiness of being received into the Catholic Church—the glorious Church of the Patriarchs and Prophets, of the Apostles and Saints—Christ the cornerstone. I had just received Confirmation and Communion in the dear old cathedral in Franklin Street, by the hands of Bishop Fenwick. That old cathedral was identified with some of the most delightful reminiscences of my childhood. How well I remembered the venerable Bishop Cheverus and Dr. Matignon, and Fathers Taylor and Lar-rissey! In those days these good men were held in such high esteem, that even Protestants used to visit

them ; and many a visit I paid, in company with my father and mother. Many a time, too, I went to Mass by invitation of Capt. Cazneau, and sat in



FRANKLIN STREET CATHEDRAL.

his pew, one of whose sons was a favorite playmate and companion of mine. He was an "altar-boy." Oh, with what respect I gazed at him when

he came forth from the sacristy in cassock, and surplice with ruffles round the neck! or when he mounted the winding stair to the pulpit, with the large Gospel book in his hands, the upper part resting against his breast, and reverently laid it on the cushion, and then solemnly descended, and waited for the Bishop to ascend, in order to preach to the throngs extending far out into the street.

Many years had passed away; Bishop Cheverus, Dr. Matignon — all had died; and in 1840 I made there, before that altar, and that most devout painting of the Crucifixion by Sargent, my abjuration, and was confirmed by Bishop Fenwick—the late Father Wiley, my guide, friend, and father, standing by me as my sponsor.

I travelled to Rome at that time as a pilgrim, that I might lay on the Tomb of the Apostles, and at the feet of the Holy Father, Gregory XVI., a votive offering of my life.

My second trip was one of obedience and duty—it was in 1854. It was to accompany Bishop John

B. Fitzpatrick, my own revered and beloved Bishop, to the same Tomb of the Apostles, there to offer each our bouquet: the Bishop's fragrant with a glorious Episcopate of ten years, and mine full of gratitude for the unmerited mercies I had received, and for the peace and happiness I had enjoyed.

This, my third, was one of business. I was commissioned by my Bishop, Rt. Rev. John J. Williams, to visit Ireland, England, and Belgium, in order to obtain, if possible, a community of "Brothers" to take charge of the House of the Angel Guardian, and at the same time to observe the general management of similar institutions in those countries. A much-esteemed reverend friend kindly accompanied me.

Though we failed in obtaining "Brothers," as no community had any to spare, yet our journey was not unprofitable, as I think the patient reader will acknowledge.

## CHAPTER II.

### OVER THE WATER.

WE embarked, April 15th, 1871, on board the Steamer *City of Paris*—Inman Line—a fine ship; meals five times a day, and excellent. Captain Mirehouse, and other officers, were kind and affable. The ship rolled but little, and scarcely pitched at all, on account, perhaps, of her great length. Heavy gales, however, prevailed during a great part of the voyage.

A fine-looking Englishman sat next us at table. He was chief constable of Rochdale, England. He had been to New York to arrest a man for embezzlement. He had his man safe on board, though he was not seen speaking to him.

The prisoner was a good-looking, genteelly-dressed young man, of about twenty-two years.



He was in the first cabin, and associated freely with the passengers. He appeared cheerful and self-possessed, and no one would have supposed that he had any care or anxiety.

We lost one passenger by death. It was an Irish lad, in consumption, without a friend or acquaintance on board. He was going home to die, as he hoped, in the arms of his mother. But alas! his mother is waiting and watching in vain. His body has gone down deep into the sea!

We reached Queenstown at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, April 25th, nine days and a half from Sandy Hook. A small steamer came alongside, and took us direct to Cork.

## CHAPTER III.

### CORK.

**W**E went to the Victoria Hotel. Mr. Wilson is the proprietor, and a very kind, agreeable, and obliging gentleman he is. Mr. Wilson at once introduced us to the Rev. Father McGuire, of Cork, brother to Hon. John F. McGuire, M.P., who happened to be in the spacious and admirably conducted reading-room of the hotel.

Father McGuire immediately proposed a ride. A carriage was ordered, and we drove about the beautiful city for hours. I had visited Cork in 1854. How changed! Then, extreme poverty, squalor, misery, emaciation;—barefooted women with scarcely a covering to gather about them, boys clothed in rags fastened together at their upper edges, like scales on fishes.

These were the sad sights that met you at every turn. This was just after the famine, and pestilence, and exodus that desolated and devastated and decimated poor, faithful Ireland for so many cruel years.

Thank God, His arms seem now raised to bless ! Cork, to-day, appears to be a rich and thriving city. We saw no signs of poverty, neither during our ride nor afterwards, on our frequent walks. Even the low tile-roofed houses along the narrow streets, and in and around "Old Market Place," once so poor and desolate, now lift up their heads, and send forth the gracefully-curling smoke from their chimney mouths, and tell of comfort and cheerfulness, and home beneath. The rosy and chubby-cheeked boys, and girls too, neatly dressed, make the welkin ring with their merry laugh and stunning shouts. We met no beggars—we saw no rags—no emaciated faces. Young and old appeared rugged and healthy. The youth especially looked as though their fat cheeks had been

painted with vermilion, so bright and fresh were the roses that bloomed upon them.

However, to come down to prose, there is, no doubt, poverty enough in Cork — as well as everywhere else — in its due proportion, and there ought to be ; for our Lord Himself has told us that we must always have the poor among us. Without recipients, where would be givers? Without poverty and suffering, where would be Charity? Without Charity, where would be Religion? where Salvation? Every other virtue, how sublime soever, even FAITH, would be “sounding brass” without Charity.

We visited the Cathedral Church, the same for which Fathers Buckley and Hagerty have been collecting money in the “States.” It is an old building, not worthy of so fine and wealthy a city. The intention of the Bishop is, with the funds collected, to make an addition to it, and to repair and restore and improve the old portion. I fear

that the Bishop will find that it will cost more, a great deal, than to erect a new cathedral.

We visited several other churches, and were greatly surprised to find them so beautiful and massive, many of them far more so than any in New York or Boston: rich, indeed, in precious and highly-polished marbles. All these are built and paid for by the faithful of the city and suburbs.

There is scarcely a debt on any church. A priest who has just completed a massive stone church, richly adorned with marbles and columns, informed us that he had collected for it £10,000, all in pennies—equal to \$50,000! Individuals, also, have sent in their donations for the same object, in sums ranging all along from one pound to five thousand. Many also leave handsome legacies to their favorite church; a legacy of £2,000 is by no means uncommon. That is the way things are done in Ireland, and that is the way that churches are built and paid for. Thank God, the light and

glory of the middle ages — the ages of Faith — have not been wholly withdrawn from the world, but that they still linger and shine over faithful Ireland!

The public buildings are extensive and elegant, and built of stone, like fortresses. From the hurry and bustle of the crowded streets, I should judge that business was very active. The principal streets are wide and straight, and remarkably clean; they are lined on either side with handsome stores and houses. Hackney-coaches, cabs, jaunting-cars, and teams of every sort and size, were rattling and rumbling ever, to and fro, keeping up an unintermittent roar.

At my request, we called on an old and valued friend, whom I had not seen for many years — the Very Rev. Father M——, P.P.; however, before we leave our carriage, let me inform you how and when I first made the acquaintance of Father M——.

It was in 1841, the year of my first visit to

Rome. Travel, in those days, was not systematized as it now is; so I went to New York to look about for means of conveyance over the seas. A friend accompanied me along the piers on North River; presently we found a barque, *The Bevis*, bound to Marseilles, and to sail next day. Finding the cost very reasonable, my companion said: "If you will go, I will go with you." "I'll go," said I. Upon the word we booked for Marseilles. Returning to our hotel in high glee, I suddenly stopped, with clouded brow, and said to my friend, "But my funds are all in Boston; what shall I do?" I asked advice of a relative in New York, and he agreed to send for and forward to Marseilles my letter of credit by the next steamship, assuring me that it would be there before me. So we started off; but, to my dismay, in mid ocean we spoke a ship which informed us that the steamship *President* was probably lost. O, ho! perhaps the steamer with all my funds aboard will be lost; what then? My companion left for Paris, and I waited in Mar-

seilles for six weeks, calling frequently at my bankers. In vain — no funds ; they must have been sent on to Rome by mistake. Captain Briggs, of the barque, very kindly loaned me enough to take me to Rome, and he accepted an order on my father in Boston for the amount. Safe in Rome, and in a comfortable hotel, my first call was on Rev. Dr. Baggs, then Rector of the English College, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Bishop Fenwick. In Dr. Baggs's room I was introduced to Mr. M——, who was not then an ecclesiastic, but a simple layman. Dr. Baggs invited us to join himself and Dr. Cullen, the present Cardinal, in a ride to the country-seat of the College. We of course accepted, and that is the way I became acquainted with Father M——. From that day we became fast friends. Still, having no funds, I felt like an impostor, and thought of joining one of the mendicant orders, and walking the streets barefoot.

On the evening of the same day I told my story to Mr. M——, with a very long face. Instead,



however, of turning from me in disgust, and saying, "A nice story that for a *Yankee* to tell," he burst into a laugh, and wished me to go with him to his rooms. When there he opened his portmanteau, and handed me a roll of Spanish milled dollars, bidding me to come for more if I wanted them; but I did not want for more, for in a day or two my letter of credit reached me from *Marseilles*, where it had been all along. The only apology of the banker was the stupidity of a clerk.

At that time Mr. M—— was forty-five years old. He had been a banker in *Liverpool*, wholly engrossed in business, never married, when, one day passing a church, and hearing the organ, he entered. Just then the celebrant and acolytes were reciting, and the choir were singing, "Kyrie Eleison." By a sudden inspiration he saw the beauty of holiness before him; he remembered the innocence of his childhood, when *he*, too, had been an acolyte, and he fell upon his knees and wept,

and then and there resolved and promised to abandon the world, and, if possible, to become a priest. He settled his affairs, and went to Rome, where I met him.

Mr. M—— made his studies at the English College in Rome, and in due time was ordained priest, and has been parish priest in Cork for a quarter of a century.

But here we are, sitting all this time patiently in our carriage. I dare say my readers are tired, so we will descend at once.

"But I pray you," I said to Father McGuire, "do not announce my name; simply say a friend has called on him."

Father M—— looked at me for a moment, then called me by name, and throwing his arms around my neck, gave me the warmest and heartiest embrace, and I returned it as warmly. Father M—— is a fine-looking, frank, tall, stout, independent specimen of the good old Irish priest. He is now seventy-five years of age. We passed a delightful hour talking over old reminiscences.

We then drove to another quarter of the city quite different from Patrick Street; yet it may be happier. This *quarter* was inhabited by the poor, and an old friend of mine, John Crowley, lived there, at No. 23 New Lane. He was a tailor, and an honest man, and a good Catholic. Twenty-three years ago his two sons emigrated to Boston. They were young men, who learned the printing trade, and I made their acquaintance. They obtained positions, and the old man heard of it. He wrote me several letters, and we have corresponded either by letter or by exchange of newspaper ever since. All these particulars I explained to my companions as we rode on.

We soon reached the foot of the lane. It ran up a pretty steep hill; but the lane was so narrow that we were obliged to descend and walk up to the house, which was at the top of the hill. We went in. The tailor's bench was there, but—it was empty. The "old woman's" arm-chair, that, too, was empty. A young woman sat by the win-

dow, looking out;—she kept a little shop, for the sale of apples, cakes, etc. Father McGuire, who was the first to enter, said: "Eh, Kate, here's a priest from America come to see you!" At that Kate sprang forward, exclaiming: "An' is it Father Haskins?" We were four, and I was greatly surprised that she should have singled me out, but she did. I visited her father seventeen years ago, and I presume she remembered me. Laughing and crying at the same time, she shouted: "Oh yes, it *is*—it *is* Father Haskins"—pointing to me. Then wringing her hands and crying, and falling into a chair, and swaying her body back and forth, she said: "Oh, my poor father is dead! He died last January. My mother, too, she is dead!"

Then she stood again, and looked at me, and laughed with joy; then sank into a chair, and buried her face in her apron. It was long before we could pacify her at all. At length, however,

we did, when we promised to pray for the souls of her father and mother.

When we had said "good-by," and left the house, Kate followed us, crying out to all the neighbors — "There he is. That is Father Haskins, from America." Children swarmed out of the houses; men's and women's heads were thrust from all windows; boys in crowds escorted us down the lane, Kate with them, ever crying out to everybody, "There he is — there he is!" Poor Kate was proud as a queen. I never had such an ovation before in my life. I could have embraced them all as old and loved friends and parishioners.

So my old friend John Crowley is no more!  
*Requiescat in pace. Amen.*

On our return, Father McGuire showed us some magnificent views of Cork. From a lofty terrace — I think it is that on which stands the convent of the Lazarists — a fine panorama of the city was unfolded in the form of a crescent, through which gracefully and irregularly permeated, like a thread

of molten silver, the sparkling waters of the Lee. Vast buildings in stone, both public and private, loomed up prominent. Domes and steeples rose at intervals. There, too, plainly could be seen and heard the famous Shandon Bells, which brought to our minds the famous lines of Father Prout :

“ On this I ponder, where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder,  
Sweet Cork, of thee,  
With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.”

As the crescent tapered to its points we could discern, and almost envy, the plain and simple dwellings of the poor — the truly happy homes of the Irish.

What, after all, are these costly palaces, these tall and massive buildings, filled with luxuries — abodes of pride, sleep by day, gaslight by night — compared with the tiled or thatched cottage of the

poor? In which, when all is over, will have been found the longest sum of happiness, of innocence, of love? The background of the panorama consisted of undulating hills, with the greenest of fields and slopes.

We returned to the "Victoria," much pleased with our ride and adventures.

In St. Mary's Church a Spiritual Retreat was going on for young men. This was the second day of the Retreat. The church is large, lofty, and richly ornamented. It was filled, and with men only — filled from altar to porch. What surprised us was that these men did not seem to be of the poorer classes, though the poor were of course among them. In their dress and bearing nearly all appeared to be men of means and men of culture. Father Bourke was the preacher. He has a high reputation as a preacher and an orator. His discourse was upon mortal sin, and was very impressive and simple, as though his whole heart was in it.

## CHAPTER IV.

### UPTON REFORMATORY.

**N**EXT day we visited the celebrated Reformatory at Upton, County of Cork. It is not far distant from the city. It is conducted by fathers and brothers of the "Order of Charity." The Father-General resides in Rome. The Father-Rector was absent, being ill. The Vice-Rector, Rev. Joseph Ryan, received us most kindly, and showed us the establishment.

The present number of boys is 211. The officers in charge are,

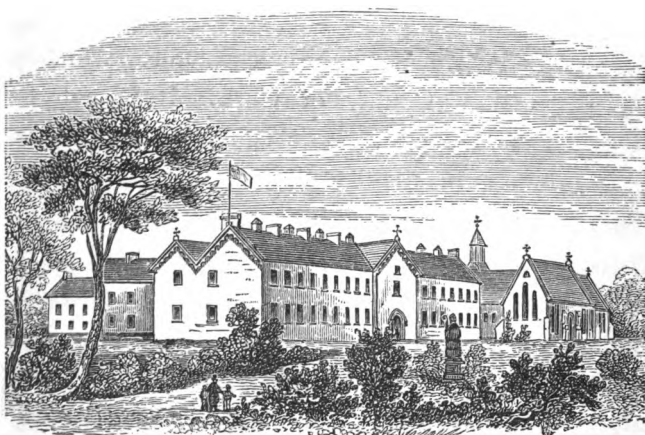
Two Priests,	
Ten Brothers,	
Eight Seculars,	paid.
One Dairy Woman,	"
One Band Master,	"

Twenty-two persons in all.



This is an Industrial School, where the inmates are taught somewhat in trades.

These Industrial Schools create at present quite an excitement among the "Philanthropists."



ST. PATRICK'S REFORMATORY SCHOOL, UPTON, COUNTY CORK.

There are many in operation both in Ireland and England.

That which gave them their first great start was an Act of Parliament recently passed (31 Vic.

Cap. 25.) By this Act, if any individual or association shall furnish buildings, out-houses, lands, etc., satisfactory to the Government Inspector, with intent to furnish homes and schools for destitute or wayward youth of either sex, then shall the Government take such schools under its protection, and authorize the guardjans of the poor, and also magistrates, to send to such Institutions or Homes any children considered as proper subjects for them.

When children are committed by magistrates, it is usually for a term of from three to five years. However, for exemplary conduct the time is often abridged one-half, at the discretion of the managers.

To support these schools, Government pays to the managers six shillings a week for each inmate, and the county authorities, called, I believe, the Grand Jury, pay two shillings a week more — eight shillings a week in all — equal to two dollars a week in gold for every child. Now this is a

great deal, especially when we consider that a shilling or two here will buy as much as a dollar will in the United States.

The State interferes in no way with the management of the House, or with the instruction of the children. The Government Inspector, who is as likely to be a Catholic as a Protestant, visits each school once or twice a year, and makes his report.

The States reason thus: "If you, gentlemen, will purchase or lease suitable lands, and will erect thereon buildings satisfactory to our Inspector, we will pay you, for the support of each inmate, the amount per week or per year that it would cost us in our public institutions. And the children must be instructed in letters and in useful occupations."

What can be more liberal, what more fair, what more in accordance with plain common sense, and with the truest principles of an enlightened political economy, than this? The advantages being

equally and impartially extended to every sect, and to every sort of religious belief.

Some may fear that this system would cramp the hands of individual beneficence, but it is not so; on the contrary, it expands them. Gold pours in without grudge or limit, because the gift is free, and not a tax wrung out by law.

Now to return to St. Patrick's Reformatory, Upton: the grounds cover an area of one hundred and ten acres. Vegetables and grain are cultivated. Forty boys were in one field, making furrows and planting seeds. They were divided into two companies, a man overseeing each company. The boys on the farm were small, not exceeding thirteen or fourteen years. Each company worked in a line, like a section of soldiers opened at arms' length. Each boy stood in his furrow, and moved backward as he worked, so that the line was not broken. The officer directing the companies did not work. The land is rich, and the boys did a deal of work that day.

One potato-patch of fourteen acres yields, every year, five tons to the acre — seventy tons of potatoes. In the stable were fourteen cows and four horses. The dairy was charming; everything as clean and sweet as the new warm milk, unknown to water, in wide, deep pans, which shone like the sun, on white deal shelves, all around the dairy. The building covers three sides of a quadrangle two hundred feet by one hundred and eighty feet.

Rewards for good behavior are generally given in money—a few pence a month—which the boys can spend, or leave in the hands of the Superior, at their option. Good boys are allowed, at times, to visit their families and friends, but only for a day. As to punishments,—for small offences, the rattan on hand is used; for eloping, cropping the hair close.

The dormitories are clean, but water-closets in or near them would, I think, improve the state of the air. Neat check spreads covered the beds,

which were put on in the morning and removed at night.

The trades taught are tailoring, carpentry, shoemaking and farming. In the shops there were from twenty to thirty boys at work. They were very small boys. We were shown specimens of their work, which were very good. Several were running sewing-machines.

The whole number of boys at the time of our visit, was two hundred and eleven. There are two school sessions every day. The boys who work forenoons attend school afternoons, and *vice versa*.

We inquired particularly as to the profits accruing from the labor of the boys. Father Ryan stated that the pecuniary profit was, on the whole, of no account. He said that some years would show a small balance in favor of the workshops, and other years a deficit. The master mechanics, or, as we should call them, the *bosses*, have to be paid full as much as they could earn outside; and there is always more or less waste and destruction

of tools and stock ; sometimes accidental, sometimes malicious.

I have before me the printed Report of the Directors for 1870-71, in which it is stated that the number of boys employed were as follows :

Farmers . . . . .	114
Carpenters . . . . .	7
Tailors . . . . .	26
Shoemakers . . . . .	27
Bakers . . . . .	3
Ostlers . . . . .	5
Farm-yard boys . . . . .	10
Laundry " . . . . .	6
House " . . . . .	15
	<hr/>
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Now the *financial* report gives, as the *result* of the toil of this long array of laborers, the total net receipts of the industrial department as £76 10s. 6d., equivalent to little more than \$370.

After careful inquiries made, and candidly replied to, I am convinced that the industrial department

interferes much with the *education* of the boys, by keeping them one-half of each day from school.

Moreover, the long sentences compel the managers, for years, to refuse new applicants for want of room. The chief advantage derived from the labor of the boys is, after all, that it keeps them busy; and that is a great deal. They acquire habits of industry, and a dread of idleness, that is of immense advantage to them in after-life, although very few of them ever follow the trades taught in the school. It is so everywhere. While I was Superintendent of the House of Reformation and the Boylston Asylum, both City Institutions of Boston, the boys were instructed in various trades; among others, in shoemaking, hat-making, brass-nail-making, and gardening. During the ten years that I was connected with those institutions in one capacity or another, I must have known at least two thousand boys; I have met many of them since, but I never knew or heard of *one* that



followed, or even tried to follow the trade or occupation that he was taught in the institution. I shall not undertake to assign reasons for this. I only state what I believe to be the truth, and what has been told me for truth.

The managers do not exert themselves to find places for the boys near home, but send them off to all parts of the world. Many have been shipped to New York, and left there in the streets to seek employment.

For breakfast, the boys have bread without butter, and coffee; for supper, bread and tea. Two mornings and two evenings every week they have oatmeal stirabout instead. For dinner, soup, potatoes and bread; on Sunday, meat. The boys all looked healthy and robust.

Father Ryan kindly invited us to dinner, during which we were entertained with music by the boys' band, numbering sixteen brass instruments, and accompanied by a fife-band, with drums and

piccolos. They were directed by one of the boys, the band-master being absent. They played, among other tunes, "You'll not forget me, Mother," "Come back to Erin," "Evening Bell," and "Norma." We called for "Yankee Doodle," but they did not know it. The playing of the band was very creditable to their teacher and to themselves.

After dinner, we went out on the piazza and addressed the boys, thanking them for the treat they had given us, and the compliment they had paid us. I told them of the House of the Angel Guardian in Boston, and of our band, and how much I felt at home among *them*, though three thousand miles away. With that the boys threw up their caps, and gave us three times three cheers,—no tiger; they had not yet learned that. Then the band escorted us to the railroad station, going before us and playing, as they marched with measured tread, and continuing to play on the platform till the arrival of the train,

gathering all bystanders about us. Father Ryan and the Chief Prefect accompanied us. On the platform short speeches were made, and then — “Good-by, boys; God bless you all!” “Good-by, sir!” I really felt lonesome at parting with them; it was like leaving home again.

## CHAPTER V.

### AN ADVENTURE.

**I**N the course of the day we made a visit to Father Holland, the parish priest of Upton. As we approached the gate of his residence we saw approaching us a "jaunting-car," with a priest on one seat and a driver on the other, to balance the car. Two small dogs ran forward to warn us not to advance, and by furious barking demanded our business at that gate.

We replied, as well as we could in their language, that we were honest people, and wanted to see their master. At once they ceased barking, and ran back to tell the priest; whereupon his Reverence ordered the driver to stop, which he did. We then informed him who we were; that we were American priests on a visit to the Upton School.

We held our hats, which were of a kind that we Yankees call *soft hats*, in our hands. The good priest looked on *us*, and then on our *hats*, alternately: "Is it possible that you are priests? I could hardly believe it, with *such hats*. I saw you coming down the road, but I supposed that you were brothers from the school, in disguise, and had thought to report you to Father Ryan."

However, we showed our letters, and seeing that we were "all right," he jumped from the jaunting-car, shook us warmly by the hand, insisted on our going to his house, and walked with us along the neatly trimmed and shady drive-way, till we reached his door.

After some minutes of very agreeable conversation he ordered refreshments, and treated us with the kindest hospitality, and accompanied us back to the school; the two dogs, now great friends of ours, running before and barking gladly all the way.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DUBLIN.

ON April 27, we left Cork with regret, and bade good-by to our friend Mr. Wilson, of the Victoria Hotel. Duty called on us to hasten.

We are now on the road to Dublin. Five hours from Cork to Dublin. Though the train shoots swiftly in a direct line, and not through chosen parks, the ride is delightful: greenest of fields, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, parks of deer, crows and rooks innumerable, barn-yard fowls, cottages and villas, hills, valleys and mountains, lakes and rivers, castles and round towers; these are the sights that present themselves all along the road.

Arrived at Dublin, we took up our quarters at

the Gresham Hotel, Sackville Street, where we were very comfortably lodged.

Next day, April 28, after having assisted at Mass in the Church of the Jesuits, Upper Gardiner Street, and breathed a prayer for the repose of the soul of my former father and kind friend Father Esmonde, S.J., whom I knew in Rome in 1841, and who died here only a few years ago, we visited the Industrial School at Artane, County Dublin.

This school is — like that of Upton — under the patronage of Government, and is managed by the "Christian Brothers of Ireland," sometimes called "The Order of Charity." It was first opened in July 1870. In November of the same year it was found that the buildings which had been temporarily erected were altogether insufficient; and that, unless commodious and substantial buildings should be erected, the statute for its support must remain a dead letter.

In the emergency, a public meeting was called on November 1, 1870, by the Right Hon. Edward

Purdon, Lord Mayor of Dublin. The meeting was held in the Rotunda. Its object, "To adopt measures for raising funds sufficient to erect suitable buildings for the Artane Industrial School." It was a proud occasion. The Rotunda is situated at the corner of Rutland Square and Sackville Street. The large hall in which the meeting was held was filled with the most eminent citizens of every political party, and of every religious belief. A committee of thirty-seven gentlemen was appointed to solicit subscriptions, the majority consisting of Magistrates, Baronets, Members of Parliament, and distinguished Barristers.

Addresses were made, and Resolutions presented, by the Lord Mayor-elect, J. B. Murphy, Esq., Q. C., Sir John Bradstreet, Bart., Jonathan Pim, Esq., M.P., Rev. Mr. Fanning, of London, Sir Dominick Corrigan, M.P., Alderman Campbell, and others.

These gentlemen eloquently advocated the cause of the homeless and wayward boys, and as



strongly insisted on the importance and *necessity* of denominational asylums.

The idea of a *Christian* charitable institution, where *no religion* is taught or where all religions are taught, was, by the honorable speakers, considered too absurd and impious to be entertained for a moment by any one who believes at all in Christianity.

Mr. Pim, M.P., said: "Though there may be differences of opinion as to whether *day* schools should be denominational or not, I am not aware that there is the slightest difference of opinion, as regards the Industrial and Reformatory Schools, that *they ought* to be denominational, and conducted under a religious sanction, and managed by persons holding the same views as those placed under them. A true regard to our own interests as members of the community, and the knowledge that in supporting these schools we are relieving the public from a very heavy expense, is an important element to be considered; for, unless

these young children are properly taught now, we can anticipate nothing for them but that if they do not learn something that is useful, they will learn something that is bad. Therefore I, as a Protestant, have very great pleasure in attending here upon this occasion, and in doing anything that I can to forward the institution which it is proposed to build."

Such are the sentiments of a Protestant member of Parliament, boldly and publicly expressed. What American statesman of this day would have had the courage to talk thus to a mixed audience in *free* America? To tell them that all the Industrial and Reformatory Schools in the country ought to be denominational or sectarian? And yet, after all, when we look at it calmly, it is the only true, wise, and common-sense policy; that is, for a people who attach any importance to religion and morals.

Without religion, any people would relapse into barbarism or atheism; without morals, into a pan-

demonium ; but to implant religion in the young, and to expect its fruits, we *ought* to have denominational schools, where children can be governed and taught, as Mr. Pim says, by persons of the same belief with themselves. Any religion is better than none ; to hold to *some* divine truths is better than to reject *all*.

The American people are a reflecting and a logical people ; they have intelligence and good sense, and have generally more or less of a good education from books. To the judgment of such a people we may safely appeal. Is it not evident that a strictly moral and religious training of the youth of our country is of the utmost importance ? What guarantee have we for the permanency of our free institutions, and for "the pursuit of happiness," for our social, religious, and material advancement and prosperity, but in the good sense and moral power of a wisely-educated people ? Now *no* people can be *wisely* educated if the existence of God and the sanctions of religion be

ignored. No *Christian* people can be wisely educated if Christianity be ignored.

The grand cause of the remarkable prosperity and vigor and grandeur of this country has been its worship of God and His Son, and its respect for what it has retained of Christian doctrine and instinct. Take these away, and what can be expected but the utter loss of conscience and principle, — a godless government, a godless people: communism, incendiarism, murder and assassination !

All the abominations of the first atheistic revolution in France, when, for the first and only time in the history of the world, it was voted in a National Assembly that **THERE WAS NO GOD** — all the atrocities and horrors of the late Communistic Revolution in Paris — are to be ascribed to the lack of moral and religious instruction and training of the youth. Had these men, when boys, been taught to shudder at crime and to shun evil, to honor and obey their parents, pastors, and other superiors, such horrors and atrocities could never

have been, and such revolutions would have been simply impossible.

The great safeguard of our country is, and ever will be, its conscience and its morality. All teachings and doctrines which invade the sanctity of conscience and religious instinct, must soon find a most terrible expression in the degradation and ruin of our country. Hence the importance of *wisely* educating our people cannot be exaggerated.

True wisdom is *religion*. A man may have all knowledge, and even all faith, and yet, in true wisdom, be a fool, — "Sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." St. James says that "the wisdom from above is chaste, peaceable, modest, full of good fruits and without hypocrisy." — (Chap. iii. 17.)

But to return from this digression : the result of the meeting was a subscription on the spot of £1,100, or \$5,500. In a few weeks enough more

was collected to enable the managers to erect the buildings and *pay* for them.

At the present time the number of inmates is two hundred and seven ; ages from six to fourteen. All are committed by magistrates, not as criminals, but as vagrants, mendicants, homeless, wanderers, etc. The term of sentence is from two to six years, at the discretion of the magistrate.

The staff of officers consists of —

Lay Brothers	.	.	.	.	5
School Brothers	.	.	.	.	5
Hired men	.	.	.	.	3
Wives of hired men	.	.	.	.	3

The new building, three hundred feet long, is finished and occupied. The grounds on which it stands extend over sixty acres, all under close cultivation, — an area as large as Boston Common.

The boys were occupied with sewing, shoemaking, farming, and housework. I asked the Brother Superior whether the labor were found to be profit-

able, and he replied, "No, not profitable in a money point of view, but it keeps the boys occupied, and accustoms them to work ; and then field work is good for health, and labor at trades is expected by the friends and patrons of the school."

The punishments inflicted are,—Slapping on the hand with a ferule, solitary confinement for hours, and even days, and, though rarely, flogging.

The rewards are,—Curtailment of sentence, occasional leave of absence, and pecuniary compensation for work well done. The compensation is from sixpence to a shilling a week ; this money can be spent by the boys, or they can leave it with one of the Brothers, subject to their order.

At meals : For breakfast, bread and cocoa — one-third of a two-pound loaf to each boy — no butter. For dinner : One half-pound of beef on three days in the week, with a quarter-pound of potatoes and cabbage ; other days, soup or fish. For supper : Same as morning.

The boys have a brass band, trained by one of

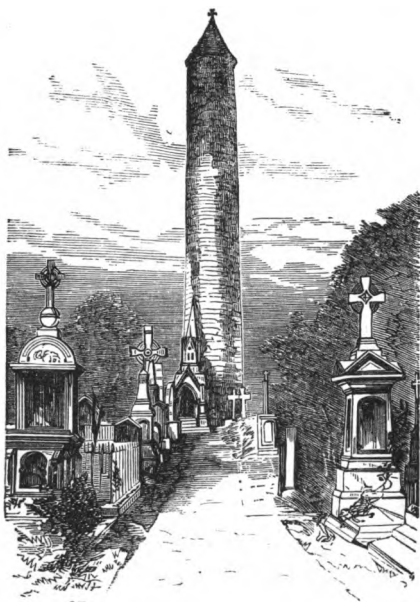
the Brothers; they played some difficult music, and played it well. The Brother Superior remarked that he had been the first to introduce boys' bands into Irish institutions; that was seven years ago. I could have told him that ten years before that time the band and choir of the House of the Angel Guardian, of Boston, gave a public exhibition in Tremont Temple to a crowded and enthusiastic audience, composed of Catholics and Protestants, and many of our most distinguished citizens.

We also visited the College of All Hallows, founded by the Rev. Mr. Hand, whose acquaintance I made in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, in 1843. The Rev. Dr. Fortune, present Superior, conducted us through the spacious and beautiful buildings.

Next we visited the celebrated Cemetery of Glasnevin, which is indeed beautiful, and is kept in perfect order. There stands O'Connell's monument; a monument like himself—the only one truly worthy of that great and good man—a mon-



ument which, without a chiselled letter upon it, announces the deeds and the sacrifices of his life, the fervor and strength of his faith, the purity of



O'CONNELL'S MONUMENT IN GLASNEVIN CEMETERY.

his character : a round tower of Ireland a hundred and sixty feet high.

Close to the Round Tower, or monument, is the crypt where Daniel O'Connell lies buried. We descended to the crypt, and prayed there for the repose of his soul ; so did the policeman, our guide. The bodies of O'Connell's two sons, John and Maurice, lie in an adjoining crypt, separated from their father only by an open screen of iron.

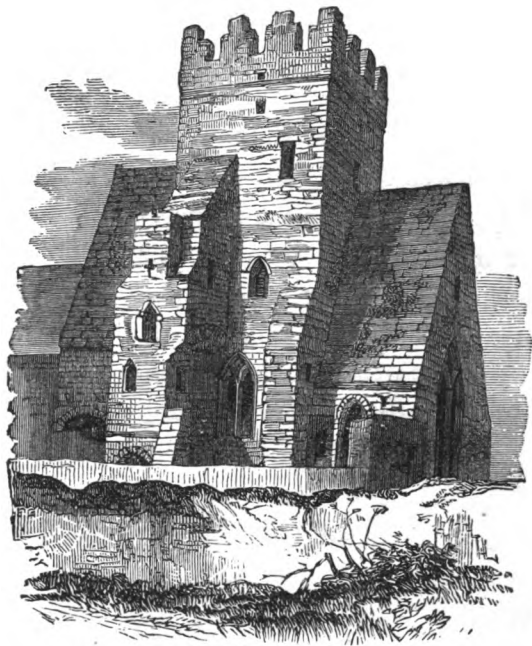
## CHAPTER VII.

### PHŒNIX PARK.

**A**FTER visiting the tomb of O'Connell, we took a ride through Phœnix Park. It covers 1,750 acres of ground, well ornamented with trees and shrubs. Groves and dales, hills and lawns, rivulets and lakes abound. The park is laid out artistically, evidently under the direction of a skilful horticultural architect. On the lawns were numerous deer grazing in herds, from thirty to a hundred in a herd, many with enormous antlers. They were very tame, and would cross the drive-way without fear, and feed from the hands of the visitors.

This is, I think, the largest public park I have ever seen. Hyde Park, London, covers only four hundred acres; Regent's Park about the same, and

Central Park, New York, nine hundred and sixty.



THE CHURCH OF ST. DOULOUGH, NEAR DUBLIN.

On Saturday, the 29th, we celebrated Mass in Upper Gardiner Street, at the Church of the Jesuit

Fathers. We then visited the Four Courts and the University. The latter has a valuable library of 25,00 volumes, mostly given by Dr. Newman. The chapel is gothic, richly illuminated, and veneered with beautiful Irish marbles, equal to some of those most prized in Italy.

The Church of St. Doulough (p. 57), the origin of which is involved in the deepest obscurity, is the most remarkable and unique example of pointed architecture remaining in Ireland. It stands at a distance of about four miles from Dublin, in the direction of Malahide, and has long occupied the attention of writers upon the subject of Irish antiquities.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HIBERNIAN MILITARY SCHOOL.

**I**N the afternoon we visited the Hibernian Military School in Phoenix Park. This is a Government training-school for boys whose fathers have been killed or disabled in battle.

I asked for Quartermaster Hyder, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from a friend of his in Boston. Before opening the letter, Mr. Hyder asked me if I was Father Haskins. He had received a letter from his friend in Boston informing him of our intended visit.

At once we became friends, and he conducted us to his quarters, which were nicely furnished. We were introduced to his wife and daughters. Quartermaster Hyder is a fine, gentlemanly, active old English soldier, sixty-nine years of age.

He was himself trained in this school, having entered it in 1809, at the age of seven years.

On a tablet of white marble, in a conspicuous position in a spacious hall, are inscribed the names of all the present officers. Quartermaster Hyder's name is followed by a high eulogium upon his character and services.

The number of boys in the school at present is four hundred and ten ; ages from seven to fourteen. The buildings are vast and commodious, all of blocks of stone. The interior is, throughout, a pattern of neatness and comfort. It was really a treat to visit the kitchen, which was — walls, furniture, and floor — clean and polished as a mirror. The bread was piled in stacks, and was very white and sweet ; it is not baked in the house, but is furnished by contract.

The kitchen-range is a French patent. With but one grate fire, apparently of the usual size, it heats many ovens, where all the meat is roasted, and also a row of six large boilers, on one side of the

kitchen, in which the soup, vegetables, tea, coffee, etc., are boiled. On another side of the kitchen is a commodious wooden rack, in which the dinner-plates, when washed, are stood on their edges like books in a library.

The large refectory was in excellent order; the tables were very clean, without spot or stain; the floor was so smooth with polish that we had to walk with care. Grace before meals, and thanks after, are recited by one of the boys, from a pulpit or reading-desk.

We remarked the same neatness everywhere. The beds in the dormitories are not made during the day, as we understand bed-making; it being a military school, things are done in a military way: each boy has to arrange his own bed, and that by rule, and with soldierly precision. The bedsteads are of iron; each is furnished with two mattresses, one filled with straw, the other with cotton-wool. Two heavy army-blankets, and two sheets, white as snow, are on each bed. During



the day the lower, or straw, mattress is extended on each bedstead ; the upper, or cotton one, is neatly folded into a sort of roll, and laid at the bed's head ; on that the blankets and sheets are laid, folded ; on retiring, at a given signal, each boy prepares his bed for sleeping. Over the head of each bed is a nice shelf. On each shelf is a knapsack, black and shining as though new ; on each knapsack the boy's number ; in it he is supposed to keep his traps.

The bath-room is the best that I have seen. The size of the room is about fifty feet by forty, and some twenty feet in height, lighted from above. In this room a huge tank is sunk, or rather built of brick, laid in cement. This tank is eight feet deep at one end, and considerably less at the other ; it is thirty feet in length, by twenty wide. There is a standing or walking platform, about ten feet in width, all round this tank, from which the boys plunge ; at one end is an inclined plane for small boys to wade. We found the tank about half full of tepid water, heated by steam. Towels, very

white, hung round the walls on pegs, each numbered, and a corresponding number over the pegs, so that every boy knows his own. The boys bathe here three times a week, one half at a time, on alternate days. No bathing on Sunday.

The morning wash-room is of about the same dimensions; it is surrounded with troughs, in which are placed metallic basins, and over each basin a brass faucet, to draw water from a pipe passing over the troughs and attached to the walls.

The dress of the boys is a blue tunic, or loose coat, light pants, and white cap. When they go to the city they doff their tunic and don a bright red jacket, given by the Quartermaster on showing their pass.

The boys were on holiday, so we could not witness the drill, nor hear their band of thirty pieces; however, we saw the boys at play. Their playground is the finest in the world—the park itself. There they were in all directions, leaping, running, and playing ball among the deer—and lively and

happy as they. They were as fine, handsome, and healthy a set of boys as one would want to see.

Separated from the main building are two gothic gems of chapels; one is for the Catholic boys, the other for Protestants.

There is a Catholic and a Protestant chaplain, both paid equally by the Government. The Catholic chaplain visits every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, to teach catechism and hear confessions; on Sundays he celebrates Mass, and preaches.

Mark that! Is not that liberality, *wisdom*, JUSTICE, on the part of the English Government? How long will it be before the American Congress will enact a law requiring the employment of paid Roman Catholic chaplains in her arsenals, navy yards, military schools, etc.?

The only holidays are Saturday afternoon, a week at Easter, three weeks in summer, and two weeks at Christmas.

Since the above was in type, I have received a

very welcome letter from Quartermaster Thomas Hyder. The following extracts will be found interesting to many :—

“ \* \* \* I shall now proceed, to the best of my ability, to give you a brief sketch of the origin and objects of this Institution.

“It was founded in the year 1764, by public subscription, for the purpose of providing for and educating the orphans of soldiers. It was also supported from the same source until 1832 or 1834. Since then it has been maintained by an annual grant from Parliament, sufficient to rear and educate the boys in a superior manner. The school at present maintains four hundred and ten boys. They are admitted at the age of seven years. They attend worship in the Catholic or Protestant chapel, according as their fathers were of the one or the other religion. They are *expected* to join the Army at the age of fourteen, but are not forced. Their friends are at liberty to withdraw them at any time, provided they have means to support them. Very few, however, avail themselves of this privilege, so small is the number of boys who have any taste for civil life, their training having been wholly of a military character. The boys are divided into six companies, each company being in charge of a sergeant who has retired from the Army.

“In summer, first drum beats at 5.30 A. M. In winter, at 6

A.M., when all rise, dress, and arrange beds. Morning prayers are said in play-rooms, according to their respective creeds. After prayers, one-half are marched to the bathing-room, while the other half go to the wash-rooms, each boy using his own basin, soap, water and towel. Then drill and inspection by companies.

"Breakfast at 8 o'clock — Half a pound of bread, and three-fourths of a pint of milk, to each. Supper, the same. In winter, the milk is warmed. After breakfast, recreation in play-ground, where there are two ball alleys, a gymnasium, and three fly-poles. In summer, they play in the park.

"The boys' band consists of thirty pieces.

"Wednesday and Saturday mornings are devoted to the religious instruction of the boys by their respective clergymen.

"There is a good library, well supplied with books; a fine hospital, a resident physician, and an excellent laundry, where the washing, etc., of clothes is done twice a week — the boys changing their linen every Sunday and Thursday.

"I must now try to give some account of our kitchen-range. The entire cost, put up complete, was not less than £300. There are two large ovens on each side of the fire-grate, which will bake meat and potatoes for four hundred boys in four or five hours. The cook tells me he can bake 30 stone of potatoes and 170 pounds of beef in the oven at once.

"There are six boilers. The one fire will, if required, bake, boil, roast, warm and steam water at the same time. The cook

also tells me he could provide dinner for 1,200 men, besides any amount of made dishes on the top of the ovens. The consumption of coal per week is about one ton and a quarter. The one fire will keep the ovens and the six boilers going at the same time. The boilers are steamed by pipes."

## CHAPTER IX.

### EMIGRANTS.

AT seven o'clock, P.M., we embarked on board Steamer *Longford*, for Liverpool. We stood for a long time on the forward deck, amid a crowd of emigrants bound for the United States. A crowd still greater stood upon the pier.

It was very touching indeed to witness the sorrowful partings, the repeated good-bys, and the silent but most expressive raising of the arms and eyes heavenward, and then the clasping and wringing of hands. A widow-mother shouted to her brave, stalwart son: "Oh, Jimmy, darling, are you going to leave your desolate mother? And is it across the ocean you are going? Oh, Jimmy, dear, come back to me soon, or send for me to go out to you there!" "I will, mother, never fear!"

Two small singing-boys stood on the pier, and sang very prettily ; among other songs they sang "Erin is my Home," and "Come back to Erin." They received, in return, from the steamer, showers of pennies. But when at last the signal was given to cast off, oh, what shouts arose from boat to pier and from pier to boat ! what clouds of white handkerchiefs waved in the air above the heads of the people ! and what wails, and sobs, and moans !



## CHAPTER X.

### LIVERPOOL.

ON Tuesday, May 2, with a smooth run, we reached Liverpool at seven o'clock, A.M., and took rooms at the North-Western Hotel. After breakfast we called on Rt. Rev. Bishop Goss, whose acquaintance I had made in 1840, at the English College in Rome. The Bishop's residence is at St. Edmand's College. His Lordship was out of town, but we were kindly received and entertained by his Very Rev. Vicar-General, Dr. Fisher. The doctor gave us a guide—one of the students, Clarkson—and he conducted us to St. Joseph's Orphanage. This is an Industrial School for small boys, under charge of Sisters of Charity. And yet we saw several of them that must have numbered fifteen or sixteen years. Here we found two hun-

dred and ten boys, some working at tailoring, shoemaking, sewing, with and without machines, housework, etc. Others were in school; the schools were not as orderly as could be wished.

Our guide then conducted us to St. George's Industrial Orphanage. This is a school for larger boys, under the charge of lay-persons. The Principal is Mr. Edward Gray, with the title of Governor. Here are two hundred and forty boys, committed by magistrates for vagrancy and smaller offences, and supported under the Act of Parliament before alluded to; as are, in fact, all the private Orphan and Industrial Schools in Great Britain.

These boys are employed in tailoring, shoemaking, washing, wringing out clothes, and drying them by steam, etc. The house was not clean; unpleasant odors everywhere; boys running about in all the rooms and corridors. The staff of officers, eleven men. A year ago the institution was under charge of Christian Brothers; for some reason

which we did not ascertain, it was thought best to make a change; the Brothers were sent away, and Laics took their place. During the transition, eighty boys eloped.

Next we visited St. Anne's Boys' Refuge. The number of boys is one hundred and fifty-nine. The trades taught are shoemaking, tailoring, carpentering, paper-bag making, and lithography. The boys rise at six, and have four hours of school and five hours of work every day. Breakfast—Bread and cocoa. Dinner—Soup, potatoes, and bread. Supper—Bread and Tea.

This institution was founded by the Rev. James Nugent, a zealous and much-respected Catholic clergyman of Liverpool. It is under the patronage of an "Association of Providence for the Protection of Orphan and Destitute Boys." Father Nugent is President, and the managers are "Brothers of the Christian Schools."

The institution has two departments, — a Refuge and a Night Asylum. The one is permanent,

where trades are taught and instruction given ; the other is transient. At present, for want of accommodations, all are in one building, and under the same general rule. The average number of outdoor boys attending day and night-schools throughout the year, and receiving food, is twenty-four.

The present land and buildings were purchased in 1869 ; they are in St. Anne Street. After having undergone the necessary alterations, the Refuge was formally opened in July of that year. The managers, however, in their Report, say — and very justly, too — “that there is one branch of their work that requires *development*” ; though this word is hardly strong enough. This is the department of casual applicants for the day and night-schools. Children of this class, fresh from the streets, adepts in crime, unclean within and without, “have to be gradually weaned from vicious and irregular habits ; and, as this is a work of time, it is of the greatest importance, when good impressions have been made, to make sure that

these impressions be lasting. To secure this, it is necessary to separate, as much as possible, the permanent from the casual inmates; as frequently these last, by their bad example, may undo the work of months, or even years." — *Report of 1870.*

For this reason it is in contemplation to erect a special building on the grounds, which are ample, and with separate entrances, to deal with these casual cases.

All this Father Nugent has the energy and the will to accomplish. All he wants is money, and that he will get.

We were delighted with the playing of the band. It consists of twenty-five pieces: five cornets, two piccolos, nine clarionets, two bombards, horns, drums, etc. We thought it the best band we had heard. It had been instructed, and was led, by one of the "Brothers."

## CHAPTER XI.

### LONDON.

ON Wednesday, May 3, we left Liverpool for London, at 5.30 P. M., and went straight to Ford's Hotel, Manchester Street, Manchester Square. There we met the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kean, Bishop of Cloyne and Ross; Rt. Rev. Dr. Dorian, Bishop of Down and Connor; Rev. Dr. McNamara, President of the Irish College in Paris; Rev. Dr. Murphy, Procurator of the same; Count Ros-sell, an indefatigable traveller over the world, and a learned and "live" man; Rev. Dr. McHale, nephew of the great John of Tuam; and also a Mr. Fletcher, from Scotland, deputed to the Holy Father, by Scotch Catholics, with their offerings of gold.

Ford's is a very quiet family hotel. It makes

no boastful pretensions, nor gives forth bombastic announcements. The venerable founder of this hotel I was well acquainted with; he died since my last visit to London. His son and wife now carry on the business of the hotel. It is now, as heretofore, much frequented by Catholic bishops, priests, and laymen.

In the evening we visited, as a matter of course, Madame Toussaud's grand and famous exhibition of wax statuary, — the best, probably, in the world. Abraham Lincoln, George B. McClellan, and Andrew Jackson, among others, have been added. The likenesses, dresses, and postures are good.

## CHAPTER XII.

### HAMMERSMITH AND ST. NICHOLAS.

ON Thursday, May 4, we called on Rt. Rev. Dr. Dannell, Bishop of Southwark. He has been consecrated within the past year, and succeeds Dr. Grant, the late learned and venerable Bishop of that diocese. They were both former fellow-students of mine, one in Rome, the other in Paris. At Dr. Dannell's I also met Father Crookhall, an old *confrere* at the Propaganda; also the venerable Dr. Doyle, Vicar-General of the Diocese, who built the present Cathedral Church, "St. George's in the Fields," long before it became a cathedral, and before Southwark became a diocese. Thence we drove to Westminster Bridge, London, and took the underground railroad for



Hammersmith, where there was a school that Dr. Dannell wished us to visit.

But, while going, let me say a word about this railroad. It is the most extraordinary thing of the kind I ever saw. It starts almost from the very doors of St. Paul's, passes through the heart and vitals of the city, and all around it for miles and miles. Sometimes it is entirely under ground — and then the cars are lighted by gas. Most of the way, however, it passes between massive stone walls, as though in a dry canal; now showing the building high above us, then again below us, so that we could see only the roofs and chimney-pots — all the cross streets running either above or below us. Indeed, the entire work — the material, the massive solidity, the comfort in the cars — even second-class — the promptness and politeness of all officials, the frequency of departure, the smoothness and quiet of the road over which the trains are swiftly steamed — are altogether grand and inde-

scribable. It surpasses anything of the kind ever built or projected.

But here we are at Hammersmith, about twelve miles from our starting-point at Westminster Bridge.

We proceeded straight to the school, and found it to be a training-school, to educate Catholic teachers for the National Schools. The training course requires two years of study. In this school we found seventy young men, between the ages of eighteen and twenty, all fitting themselves, by studious application, to become first-class teachers. Their instructors are Xaverian Brothers, whose Superior-General resides in Bruges, Belgium. There are fourteen brothers in this community, all laymen. The Government pays £40 a year for each scholar, equal to \$14,000 for the whole now in the school. •

Next day we visited St. Nicholas Industrial School for Boys. A portion of these buildings was once the residence of the renowned Mrs. Frye.

Monsignor Searle, a Catholic priest, is general manager. Rev. Mr. Heery is chaplain, and assistant manager. With these exceptions all the officers are lay-persons, and paid. The present number of boys is two hundred and sixty-four; ages, from six to sixteen years. They are committed by magistrates, mostly for vagrancy, begging, selling matches about the streets, and petty pilferings. They are committed till the age of sixteen, when they can claim freedom. However, if deserving, they can obtain a sort of ticket-of-leave in eighteen months,—still liable to be recalled if the managers wish.

The staff of officers in this school consist of—

Two Clergymen,  
One Superintendent,  
Three Inspectors, or Prefects,  
One School-master,  
One School-mistress,  
One Tailor,  
One Shoemaker,  
Two Carpenters,

One Gardener,  
A Matron,  
An Assistant-matron,  
Two Nurses,  
A Cook,  
A Laundry-woman,  
A Housemaid.

The wages paid to the two carpenters are 35 shillings and 20 shillings a week respectively, and they live with their families outside the institution. Seven acres of land are cultivated by the boys, under the direction of the gardener. The chief punishments are flogging, silence, and solitary confinement, on bread and water, from one day to a week. The rewards are certain privileges, and desirable employments. The most prized reward is promotion to the "Band of Honor." Boys of this class are allowed the privilege of visiting their friends once in every quarter, and also to a curtailment of their term of sentence. Meals: Breakfast — Bread, with "dripping," and cocoa. Dinner — Meat three

days, beef-soup three days, pea-soup one day. Supper — Bread and molasses, and tea. The General Government pays five shillings a week for each boy, and the county authorities two-and-sixpence more. When boys are discharged, it is seldom that they leave London; they seek employment in the city, scarcely ever in the country. We were informed that not one in thirty ever follows the trade learned at the school. The employment of the boys is far from being lucrative. The only benefit appears to be that of keeping them occupied, and teaching them habits of industry. All who have read my Reports will remember that I have always maintained the same theory. A self-supporting school for boys is, in my opinion, a self-supporting delusion. It cannot well be otherwise. Because, 1. Boys are not men, and cannot do the work of men. 2. There are in the world but few, if any, institutions, even for *men*, which are self-supporting. 3. Boys cannot, without cruelty, be worked more than four or five hours a day,

while men may be made to work ten. 4. Boys *must* have schooling and recreation. 5. Boys cannot make work for the market to compete with men's work. 6. Boys will waste and destroy stock and tools, either accidentally or maliciously. 7. Boys' work is made and thrown into the market not for use, but for sale.

The only benefit of Industrial Schools — apart from education and training — is, that it gives the boys manual occupation and habits of industry. In this school, all work done in the shoe and tailors' shops is to make and mend for the house, and that is a great deal.

The dormitories were poorly ventilated. No water-closets. In one dormitory the beds had no mattresses, only a blanket, which was spread on a sort of hammock, swung by cords, to the frame of an iron bedstead, without its cross-bars. There appeared to be a lack of discipline, and also of cleanliness.

In the infirmary there were six patients: two

had scurvy, one had ophthalmia, two consumption, and one scrofula.

The number of deaths averages six a year. The treatment is allopathic. The reverend chaplain informed us, with great satisfaction, that the doctor had just ordered the purchase of twenty-six pounds of Epsom salts, to be dissolved in water and distributed round among the boys as their spring medicine. What they get for summer, fall, and winter medicine, I did not learn.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### ILFORD AND NORTH HYDE.

**WE** next proceeded to St. Edward's Reformatory for boys. The building is the old Boleyn Castle, once the residence of Anne Boleyn, one of the numerous wives of Henry VIII. It is in or near Ilford.

Here are one hundred and fifty-five boys, under the charge of "Brothers of Mercy." The boys are all committed by magistrates for petty offences, mendicancy, etc. Their ages are from ten to sixteen years; they are sentenced for a term of five years, but they generally obtain a ticket-of-leave at the expiration of half the term of sentence. The State pays six shillings a week, and the County



two shillings and sixpence a week more, for each boy.

STAFF OF OFFICERS.

Six Brothers.

One Shoemaker, hired.

One Tailor,           “

One Baker,           “

One Gardener,       “

Punishments — Flogging and cells. Rewards — Shortening term of sentence. Meals — Morning and evening, bread and tea. Dinner — Meat twice a week, the other days pudding and bread. There are twelve acres of land attached to the school, and a fine kitchen-garden.

The boys who work attend school only one hour and a half each day. Those who cannot read or write, attend school five or six hours a day.

The dormitories were clean, neat, and well furnished; they pleased us more than any we have yet seen. The bed-spreads looked fresh, as though new; they are of woollen, and prettily

figured; they are taken off every evening, and carefully folded, and replaced in the morning.

The workshops were very close, and badly ventilated; the odor of the shoe-shop was particularly strong. About two-thirds of the boys are workers; the others attend school. The refectory looked well.

The boys eat from tin dishes, and porringers, without knives and forks.

The chapel is a pretty Gothic building, erected at some distance from all the rest.

On May 6th, we visited St. Mary's Orphanage, North Hyde, Southall. This school is managed by "Brothers of Mercy." It is a school for orphan boys, not for criminals or mendicants. The present number of orphans is 445. Ages, from seven years to sixteen. They are received on application of relatives, friends, and guardians. Government pays six shillings a week for each boy, and relatives or guardians pay fourteen pounds

(\$70) a year, in addition, if able. About one hundred are thus paid for by friends.

They have a brass band of twenty-six pieces, viz. : ten cornets, two bombards, fourteen baritones, drums, etc. Under the direction of one of the Brothers, they played the "Barber of Seville," and "Figaro," and they did it very well. A band-master comes twice a week, to give lessons in music, and the boys practise daily, twice, under the direction of a Brother.

The staff of officers consists of—

Eleven Brothers.  
One Tailor, paid.  
One Shoemaker, "  
One Gardener, "  
One Engineer, "

All the washing, wringing out, and drying is done by steam. There is a fine bathing-tank, twenty feet by ten, and five feet deep. The water is

pumped into it by the steam-engine, and then warmed by steam.

The punishments are, chiefly — Feruling with ratan, and sometimes flogging; also silence in time of recreation. The rewards are — The "Band of Honor," presents of books, occasional leave of absence, etc.

The chapel is neat and clean, and is detached from the main building.

The wash-rooms, for morning ablutions, have basins on a shelf all round the room, with a faucet over each basin.

The grounds cover four acres. Meals — Morning and evening, bread and tea; no butter. Dinner — Meat three times a week, bread and potatoes four times a week.

The apartments, corridors, etc., were very clean, and the boys looked cheerful and rugged; they attend school four hours a day, and work four hours. There were no water-closets in the building; there were some in the yards.

On Sunday we said Mass in the Church in Spanish Place, and after breakfast took a walk to and around Hyde Park.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### HYDE PARK.

**H**YDE PARK, like all others we have seen, is kept in good order, and is beautifully laid out, and tastefully trimmed. It covers four hundred acres. In the midst of it winds the "Serpentine," an extensive lake or stream, in which all London, with its nearly four millions of inhabitants, bathes whenever it pleases. The hours for bathing, and the conditions, are fixed by law. It was really a beautiful sight to see the thousands of families, and the thousands of people in holiday dress, crowding merrily along the shores and beach of the Serpentine, or scattered in parties all over the slopes and grassy lawns. Many parties were accompanied with their family dogs, as proud and important and fierce as their masters. The dogs barked, and

shouted, and dived, and ran about frantic, and played all sorts of antics for our amusement. One large dog was crossing a bridge thirty feet above the water, when his master threw his cane over the railing into the water, and lo! without a word, and without stopping even to scratch his head, the dog leaped upon the bridge-rail, and then down into the water beneath, like a diver. He seized the stick, looked up for a moment to his master, then swam ashore with it.

On Sundays, in London, we observed that all shops were closed except liquor and cigar stores; these were to be found at all points. Fruit-stands, also, were everywhere in full feather.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SISTERS OF CHARITY.

ON May 8th, we visited the Creche, or Manger, No. 4 Bulstrode Street. This, as its name imports, is a resting-place for "babes and sucklings," and other little ones; it is under the charge of Sisters of Charity. Mothers who have to work all day may bring their babes here in the morning, and leave them till evening. The infants will be tenderly cared for, and fed. This is called the "Day Nursery," and the mother pays threepence a day for the care of her babe. The receipts of the year, from this source alone, amount to about \$350, which, the Sisters say, have gone far towards paying for the food of the children and the wages of a servant. The number of infants averages about forty.

Connected with this school, under the care of the



same Sisters, is a home for girls of thirteen years and upwards. By the liberal offerings of the faithful, the Sisters are enabled to receive and support eighteen of these girls. They are thus saved, at the very age and moment of the greatest danger to their morals and faith, and are carefully prepared for domestic service, until suitable places are found for them.

The Sisters are indefatigable; they have also established a School of Perseverance, or night-school, for young girls. It is regularly attended, and is doing an immense amount of good. The attendance varies from forty to ninety. This class is composed chiefly of girls who, from one cause or another, have not received proper education and religious instruction at home. Here they are taught to read and write, and are fully instructed in their religion. Thus they are rescued from a life of poverty and of shame, and are saved to their country and to God.

Connected with the same is another school, for

girls of a superior class, who pay a shilling a week each. This school has had a good success; it supplies a great want. For want of schools of this kind a great number of Catholic children — not classed among the very poor — are sent to anti-Catholic schools, where they lose their own religion and get nothing in exchange for it. The payments made by these scholars are quite sufficient to support their school.

The indefatigable Sisters have also been able, to their great joy, to coöperate in another good work. Father Taylor, of St. James's Church, Spanish Place, has established a soup-kitchen. The object is to give a daily dinner to such children of the parochial schools as have no dinner awaiting them at home. The good Sisters prepare the dinner at their convent. About one hundred children usually partake of it. The Sisters say that many of these children are literally half-starved when they enter.

The entire establishment is supported by annual

subscriptions, donations, concerts, lectures, and receipts from pay-scholars. There are but six Sisters in the community to accomplish all this great, charitable work.

After this, we visited Regent's Park. It covers about as much ground as Hyde Park. The collection of wild animals, birds, and reptiles is one of the largest and most interesting in the world. The park is kept in excellent condition.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### BRUSSELS.

ON May 9th, we started for Brussels by railroad, *via* Dover. From Dover we crossed the channel to Ostend. We passed through Bruges and Ghent, and reached Brussels in good health and spirits.

Brussels is a fine city. The stores are elegant and substantial. The churches are large, and richly ornamented. The people all orderly, respectable, and thrifty. Better than all, they are a truly religious people, and love to visit the churches, and assist at the offices on all religious festivals and solemnities. The streets are remarkably clean, and so are the sidewalks; they are generally wide and airy.

A peculiar feature of trade is the general use of

*dogs* as draught animals. One, and sometimes two, or even three, dogs are harnessed to carts. These carts are frequently heavily laden. I have seen dogs dragging a cart piled with lumber; the poor creatures pull like horses. Their harnesses are very pretty, generally brass-mounted, and highly polished.

On May 12th we went to Malines, and called on the Rev. Canon Schepper, Superior of the Order of the Brothers of Charity, in the fervent hope that, fortified as we were with letters to him, we could, through his influence, obtain a community of Brothers for the Diocese of Boston; but we were sadly disappointed. The Canon had been very ill, and was convalescent, but was unable to receive visitors; however, he sent us word by a Brother that he had no subjects whatever to spare.

We were shown the College, for such we found it was, and learned that there were three hundred students, each paying four hundred franks a year

for their board and tuition. The number of Brothers, including novices, was forty.

In the yard of our hotel there is a whistling groom, who beats "Yankee Doodle," of Boston, out and out. He begins his carols at five o'clock every morning, and whistles the one tune, if tune it is, till eleven at night. I don't know how or when he eats.

May 14th was Sunday. We said Mass at the Parish Church, and dined at the College of the Jesuit Fathers by invitation of Father Deynoodt, the Procurator. This good Father speaks English very fluently and correctly. In this college the lamented and venerated Bishop Fitzpatrick resided for many months during his illness. While sitting at table, the Rev. Father informed me that I was in the very seat the beloved Bishop had so long occupied. All the Fathers and Brothers well and lovingly remember the dear Bishop, and venerate his memory.

On May 15th we went, by rail, to Ghent. There

we visited the school of the "Brothers of Charity," and had an interview with their Superior. They have two or three hundred Brothers in Belgium, but not enough to supply their own immediate wants. However, we were not favorably impressed with the condition of their school. The boys at their desks appeared to be idle; they were restlessly moving about, stretching their necks, and even rising from their seats, to see the strangers. Several were throwing spitballs at each other, and laughing and talking. While we stood before them, however, there was good order; but in each room, as we left it, we could plainly hear the noise and confusion renewed.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### DEAF-MUTE SCHOOLS.

ON May 16th, we called on Monseigneur de Haerne, a member of the Legislative Assembly of Belgium. He is a priest and a Canon, and a prominent citizen and philanthropist. He is deeply interested in the instruction of deaf-mutes, and the blind. He has devised and put in practice an admirable method of teaching articulation to the dumb, even though born deaf. Monseigneur de Haerne is the author of several valuable works on the subject of the education of the deaf and dumb and blind. He has brought the whole subject before the Belgian Legislature, and has succeeded in procuring the establishment of Deaf and Dumb Institutions and Schools throughout the entire kingdom, at the public expense.



Canon de Haerne, in his work on Deaf-Mutes, explains the distinction between the French and German systems. The French system relies mostly on finger-signs and writing; the German system relies more on *articulation* and writing; finger-signs to be used for a while as aids, but to be dropped as soon as possible. The Canon describes at length the French system, as taught by the Abbe de l'Epée, and the German, by de Heinicke, and, like a sensible man as he is, declares that the best system of all is that which reconciles and adopts both. There are some deaf-mutes that can never be taught to articulate; there are others that, having commenced to articulate, can never become very familiar with signs. Each system has its great merit; the two combined make perfection.

We visited the schools, male and female, founded and watched over by Monseigneur de Haerne. The children are taught on the German principle of articulation, and they do admirably well. We asked them questions, and, watching our lips, they

replied readily and distinctly. But it is plain that the "conciliation" system is adopted, for in any conversation that required many words, the hands and fingers were in full play. All that we conversed with had been born deaf. The Sisters of Charity have charge of the schools.

In his valuable work, De Haerne traces the history of the education of deaf-mutes even from the era of the Pharaohs, when they were taught by means of hieroglyphics. They were then, in those remote ages, held in greater esteem than they were afterwards, during a more enlightened civilization. The Greeks and Romans regarded them as beings disgraced and useless; as having no souls, no sense — as idiots, not accountable for their acts — as monsters, not fit to live. In Rome they were thrown into the Tiber and drowned; but under the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and also under the law of Moses, man was regarded as the image of God, and the title was accorded to deaf-mutes. They, and the blind, therefore, made after the same image,

were entitled to the same eternal destiny, and have a RIGHT to the respect and protection and love of their fellows. The Holy Spirit has said :

“Open thy mouth in behalf of the Dumb.”—Prov. xxxi. 8.

When Moses complained to God that he was almost dumb, and could not speak to the people, the Lord reproves him in this wise : “Who made man’s mouth? or who made the dumb and the deaf, the seeing and the blind? Did not I?”—Exodus iv. 11.

Thus does God Himself plead the cause of the deaf and dumb and blind,—so also will we. Who is there among Christians that would deny baptism to the deaf or blind? Not one. Jesus Christ Himself is their Advocate. It was He who said to the blind, “Receive thy sight”; and it was He who made even “the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.” Our Lord loved the deaf, the dumb, and the blind,—so also will we.

It need not surprise us, then, that in every age

of Christianity the Church has recognized the dignity and worth of these hapless ones, and has hastened to their rescue and relief. Articulation for the deaf-mute, however, be it known, is no new thing; it has been known, taught, and practised in every age since the dawn of Christendom. The dumb, the blind, the idiot, the deformed, instead of being proscribed and doomed as before, became the objects of the tenderest care.

John Beverly, Bishop of York, in the seventh century, acquired great notoriety for the charity he exercised towards a poor deaf boy who frequently called on him for alms. Pitying his infirmity even more than his poverty, the saintly Bishop tried to teach the boy to speak, and he succeeded. Legend says it was a miracle; we say,—It was the zeal, and patience, and charity of an indefatigable Christian teacher.

Venerable Bede, in his ecclesiastical history, gives an interesting account of Beverly's mode of teaching the boy, which proves that the system

that we now employ in our most boasted schools for the instruction of deaf-mutes, is no modern discovery. The Bishop called the boy to him, and gave him to understand that he wanted him to talk. Then with his lips he said, YES, NO. The boy tried hard. Whenever he succeeded he was rewarded with a sign of approbation, which he never forgot. Then he began to teach him the alphabet. "Say 'A.'" The boy tried till, to his great joy, he said it. "B." He did it, and so on. From letters he went on to syllables and words. (*Addidit et syllabus ac verba.*—BEDE.) Finally he taught him to repeat sentences, and to express his thoughts in intelligible language.

There is good reason to believe that the same system was practised in the schools of *Bouzières-aux-Dames*, in *Lorraine*, in the tenth century, and also in the Cistercian Monastery at Heidelberg, in the thirteenth century, and, as the Abbe de l'Épée declares, in Spain, from time immemorial. It is evident, then, that the instruction of the deaf and



JOHN BEVERLY TEACHING DUMB BOY TO READ AND WRITE.

dumb, even in articulation, is no modern invention ; it is as old as Christianity, and began with it. In fact, during the middle ages the great schools for the education of these stricken ones were kept in the monasteries and convents, and their most faithful, and zealous, and patient teachers were monks and nuns.

There are now, in Belgium, eleven of these schools in full and successful operation. Seven of them are conducted by Brothers and Sisters of religious orders ; the remainder by lay-persons. The average number of pupils in each of the eleven schools, is forty-seven deaf-mutes, and fourteen blind. Considering its population, and extent of territory, what other country has done, and is doing, more, or as much, for these hapless beings than the little Kingdom of Belgium?

We visited, also, the school of the Christian Brothers, but were not very favorably impressed with the discipline of the house, or with the ventilation of the rooms. These schools are

supported by Government, and the buildings erected at the expense of the city. Catholics, Protestants, and Jews have each their separate schools, supported by the Belgian Government; and so throughout the kingdom. The same law applies also to all charitable institutions.

Through Monseigneur de Haerne and Father Deynoodt we telegraphed to Cologne, Bois le Duc, Holland, Maestricht, Renè, and Bruges, for a colony of Brothers. We also visited Malines and Ghent for the same purpose. In vain — there were nowhere any Brothers disposable; all were wanted, and more, for their own houses.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### LONDONDERRY.

ON Saturday, May 20, we returned to London by way of Calais, in France. We would have gone to Paris, if we could with prudence and safety ; but that was impossible, on account of the war then raging. We recrossed the channel to Dublin, and thence by rail to Londonderry. Our impressions of this beautiful city were very favorable, and they continue vivid to this day.

Londonderry is situated on the River Foyle, and contains, at present, about 30,000 inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are Catholics. We had introductions to Mrs. Mulholland, a lady merchant, an intelligent and affable woman, and a good Christian. She kindly invited us to take up our quarters in her beautiful mansion, and treated us with cordial hospitality. On the day of our arrival, Mrs. Mulhol-

land procured a carriage and treated us to a grand drive. The general appearance of the city is very fine. A gentle hill, covered with dwellings, and stores, and public buildings, with a church on the summit, gives it a very picturesque effect.

On May 27, we proceeded to Port Rush, and by jaunting-car to the famous Giant's Causeway, which, with the exception of Malin Head, is the most northerly point of Ireland.

Of the Giant's Causeway it may be truly said that it is one of the marvellous, curious, and incomprehensible works of an Almighty God that can never be explained, never understood. There is nothing else like it in the world; it is composed of some forty thousand basaltic columns of stone, crystallized into their present shape, at a distance of time unknown. These columns, which stand close together—so close that you can hardly insert the blade of a knife between them—are neither square nor round, but are five, six, seven, or eight-sided. Nor are they solid and continuous in their length, but are

composed of many pieces, two or three feet in diameter, carefully fitted and jointed together, one above another, like the cunning work of a master mechanic.



THE FLYING BRIDGE OF CARRICK-A-REDE.

A few miles from the Giant's Causeway is the famous flying bridge of Carrick-a-Rede, or "the rock in the road." The bridge is made of ropes, some sixty feet long, connecting an inland rock of basalt with another rock on the main land. Two cables are stretched parallel across the fearful chasm, ninety feet deep; across these cables are planks, securely fastened. On one side there is also a hand-rope, to guide the venturesome traveller. A stranger would hardly dare attempt the transit; to see a man crossing would be enough to curdle one's blood. An engraving of this remarkable bridge is given on the preceding page.

In Londonderry and its suburbs, where there are so many Catholics and so many Protestants, and where we passed so many days, I was not a little surprised that we witnessed nothing that betokened religious intolerance or want of Christian charity. Neither during excursions by day, nor reunions of evenings, nor discussion on religion and politics, nor on the placards and posters on the walls, could

we discover a word of unkindness or bitterness — not a word of "Orangeism" or "Ribbonism," so called — all appear to live together in harmony, and transact business, and visit, on the most friendly terms; all feel that they are citizens of one commonwealth, and as such live together in peace and good-will. This is as it should be. The social order is an order that stands distinct from the religious or political order. The religious order affects the soul and conscience, which are invisible; the political order affects the interests of the commonwealth. The social order influences and directs the daily intercourse of man with man.

Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Turks may live together in peace, and trade together to their mutual advantage, and observe towards each other all the amenities of refined life, as they do in Constantinople, and Smyrna, and Jerusalem.

What a pity, therefore, that unlawful, antiquated, mouldy feuds, almost dead and despised in the

Old Country, should be sent over to this new country to beg for an existence! All Catholics are Catholics; among them no "far-ups" nor "far-downs," no "Orangeism," no "Ribbonism," no envy, nor hatred, nor malice, but BROTHERLY LOVE and PROGRESS; progress ever upward, never downward. Whatever is Catholic is universal. Whatever is universal is NEVER and NOWHERE an enemy or foreigner.

After a few very agreeable days passed in Londonderry and its neighborhood, we returned to Cork and Queenstown.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### MUCKROSS ABBEY.

**W**ERE I to undertake to describe the various objects of interest in Ireland, its antiquities, its venerable ruins, its glorious history, I should never know where to stop, and I should be forced, despite myself, into making a book.

Speaking of Ireland's venerable ruins, what more instructive, what more replete with holy reminiscences, what more suggestive of the violences and blackness of sacrilege, than the old ruins of Muckross Abbey, built in 1440, in the ages of Faith, by the pious and devoted children of St. Francis.

The ruins consist of a church and monastery; and even in their present condition show a wonderful beauty and skill of workmanship. The clois-

ter, consisting of some twenty arches, is in a fine state of preservation. There are tombs and graves



MUCKROSS ABBEY.



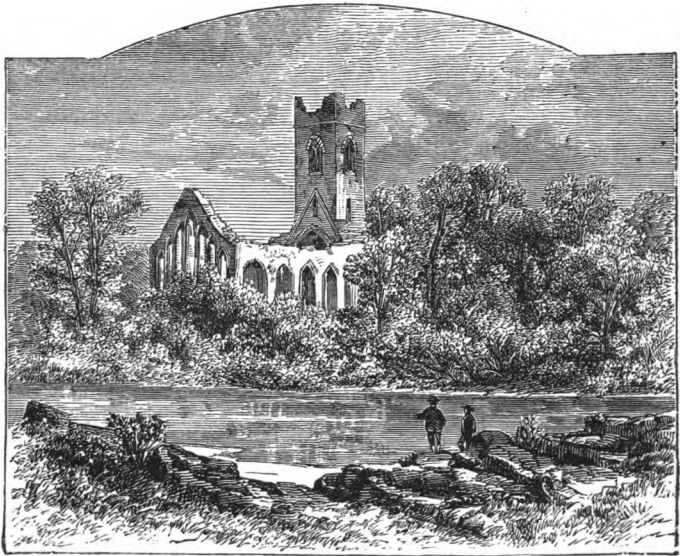
that remind us of the holy ones now in heaven, and a huge trunked tree overhanging and shading the consecrated grounds. The main entrance is by a Gothic doorway, overgrown with ivy. Several of the grained arches are in a good state of preservation; so also are the dormitories, refectory, and kitchen of the monastery, attached.

As our footfall awakened the echoes of the long cloisters, we started involuntarily lest we should interrupt the old monks at their devotions, or meet them chanting the *Miserere* on their way to the chapel.

There is another Franciscan abbey, the ruins of which may be seen in Kilkenny. It was founded A.D. 1230, but it was not completed till some time in the fourteenth century. It was formerly the abode, the retreat, and the study of many learned and holy members of the order of St. Francis; but became, alas! a prey to the cupidity of a "reformed religion."

On June 2, we embarked on steamship *City of*

*Brooklyn*, for New York, where we landed on the fourteenth. We were received and conducted to



FRANCISCAN ABBEY, IN KILKENNY.

the Everett House by J D. Judge, Esq., of Boston, and Thomas J. Earle, Esq., of New York, — both old and faithful friends. Home again —

and all is well! I am the happiest of men! A most hearty and magnificent *cead mila falthe* awaited us in Boston. To God be all the praise, and all the glory! May Heaven's choicest blessings fall on my good people, and on all the children of my parish, and on the House of the Angel Guardian!

## CHAPTER XX.

### CONCLUSION.

**I** HAVE given my readers a brief sketch of a short tour ;—I cannot call it a tour through Ireland, as it was only a rapid run along its eastern borders, from the Giant's Causeway to the Cove of Cork, stopping now and then for rest and refreshment, as well for the body as the soul.

If I could have had the time, I would indeed have measured out and surveyed every portion of that honored land ; I would again have visited Killarney and its beautiful lakes, and grottos, and cascades, and remarkable echoes, and venerable ruins. I would have visited Limerick, on the banks of the Shannon, the famous battle-ground of Irish heroes ; and good old Galway, so long a port of trade for many nations ; and the counties of

Longford and Fermanagh, endeared to thousands among and around us; and Belfast, with its 130,000 inhabitants and its millions of spindles, manufacturing the finest and the best linens in the world; and Donegal, with its wild glens, and singing-birds, and precious minerals, and many other places of equal interest; but my tour was one of business, not of pleasure, and my time was limited; besides, I had already written of many of those places and scenes in my book of "Travels" in 1854.

I shall now conclude with some general and practical remarks upon this, my third, trip across the ocean.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.

**T**HE charitable institutions, of all sorts, that we visited, both public and private, are much more extensive and massive than those we have in the States. They are built generally of stone, and are, nearly all, out of debt. The yards and grounds are also wide and expensive, and the inmates have plenty of wholesome air.

“Honor to whom honor is due.” It is but justice to say that for all this we are indebted to a wise, and, of late, a much enlightened legislation, that grants from the Treasury of the State, for each child, the amount required for its support, without respect to politics or to creeds.

When the Legislature of Massachusetts shall have done in like manner, and thus encourage individ-

uals to found asylums by granting a sure and permanent aid to them when founded, then what flourishing and useful asylums will be the House of the Angel Guardian and the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, and all kindred institutions of all sects! Spacious buildings, ample grounds, no debts! Blessings unspeakable to the poor! Saving incalculable to the State! All State asylums for boys nearly empty!

Saving to the State! yes, it is that very consideration which has of late changed and re-directed the whole current of British legislation on this subject. The more such institutions are multiplied, the less will be the tax on the people for the support of wanderers, and the less the cost of lands and public buildings. Were it not for the Home for Destitute Roman Catholic Children, the House of the Angel Guardian, and the Protestant Home for Little Wanderers, our State and municipal authorities would have been forced, by sheer necessity, to erect additional

buildings or else establish other juvenile asylums. Moreover, it ought to be considered that Catholic establishments are usually managed by communities of "Religious," whose entire life is consecrated to the work, and who ask for no salary; therefore the cost for their support is comparatively small.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

**I**T will be seen that in visiting the Industrial Schools, and other Reformatories, I have made particular inquiries with regard to rewards and punishments. These necessarily perform a very important part in the discipline of a school, and in the industry and happiness of the scholars. Without obedience and submission to teachers and other superiors, nothing can be expected but idleness and disorder.

The rewards given are, for the most part, 1. Release before expiration of sentence; 2. Permission to visit friends; 3. Pocket-money; 4. A prize-gift of a book, or the like.

The usual punishments are, 1. The loss of the above-named privileges; 2. Reproof by Superior,

either public or private; 3. Rattan on the hand; 4. In very rare cases, flogging.

I was surprised to find what a change had taken place, both in theory and practice, in respect to corporal punishment, throughout Great Britain and on the Continent. But a few years ago, and the school-master stood before his class, like old Squeers, with book in left hand, and trifurcated leather thong in the right, upraised, ready for an immediate thwack. I have myself been a witness to a discipline of this kind, and when I opened the door there was the tableau: the master as above described, and the boys, some looking at their hands, others rubbing theirs, others writhing, others, again, mouths wide open, howling.

It is not so now. Whatever school we visited, we could nowhere see or hear whip or rattan; it was evidently a forbidden instrument, to be ashamed of; nor was it till we bluntly put the question, that we were told that in some, though rare, cases, such punishment was resorted to.

I remember well that not many years ago, in this city of Boston, a well-known member of the School Board\* submitted an order that a committee be appointed to visit the Grammar Schools, in order to ascertain what amount of corporal punishment was inflicted in the different rooms. I was one of that committee. The result of our labors amazed us, and startled the whole community — and the teachers more than all. In several Grammar Schools there had been three or four hundred rattanings in each room during the preceding three months.

How is it now? In many schools in Boston there is no striking at all. In all the others it has diminished from fifty to ninety-five per cent. By visitors the rattan is seldom seen; it is usually hidden. I remember that when I was a boy at school (Master Webb's, on Mason Street), the punishment for a grave offence was to take off our shoes and socks, lay us upon our backs on a bench, and then basti-

\* Dr. J. P. Ordway.

nado our naked feet with a cudgel. It is now done on the naked hand instead. That is an improvement. Others are living who remember well the old "ten-footer" on Mason Street, and the bastinado. How changed the times! How changed public opinion!

In Ireland and England flogging of children is now seldom inflicted. In France, Belgium, and Italy, it is forbidden by law.

Flogging was once practised in the United States Service. Why was it abandoned? Because it was shocking to humanity. What! shocking to humanity to strike at the tough pelt of a *man*, and not to assault the tender and sensitive flesh of a *child*?

From what I saw and learned abroad, I am more than ever convinced that rattaning and flogging might be omitted altogether, at least in all the institutions we visited, and without the least prejudice to the discipline and good order of the house.

For several years the use of the rattan has been nearly discontinued in the House of the Angel

Guardian, not by any law of prohibition, nor at once, but gradually, and by the teachers themselves. They perceived that the sound of the rattan was annoying to the Rector and Superintendent, and they soon found other means of governing refractory boys than flogging them. Never were these schools in better order, or more advanced in scholarship, than now. In many of our Boston schools corporal punishment is unknown; in all it has wonderfully diminished.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### RITUALISM.

A MARVELLOUS change in the feelings of the English people appears to be rapidly taking place, which it is devoutly hoped will result in the conversion of England. The prayers initiated by Father Ignatius, the Passionist, have not been lost; they are bringing forth their fruit; it is even now ripening, — the fields await the reapers. The Ritualistic, or High Church, movement is significant. It is a big wave of the reaction of the "Reformation"; it is more universal and more powerful than is generally thought; it penetrates all classes, and is found in almost every family.\*

Legislative toleration has been secured for doc-

\* See "British Quarterly Review," April, 1871, Art. on the Episcopal Church.

trines and practices which, a few years ago, would have been thought to threaten the existence of the established church. "They assert dogmas," says the Dean of Chichester, one of the ablest of Anglican writers, "which are scarcely to be distinguished from some of the errors of the Church of Rome." Practices are now tolerated which were formerly regarded with horror and alarm. It is a significant fact that all these innovations on Protestantism are, by the Ritualists, or High Church party, called "restorations." Ritualism affects the English Church to its lowest depths of Evangelicism and Methodism. Disorganizers now organize; even Dissenters talk of obedience and spiritual subjection. Chasubles, and candles, and colors, and mystic rites, are eagerly run after by the very persons who but yesterday despised them; and they who gaze from mere curiosity are soon converted through admiration, and instinctive love of beauty and order.

Ritualism has affected the Nobles, the Bishops,

the Clergy, the rich squire, and the poor peasant; and the most rigid Puritans, and enemies of it, stand confused and aghast at the onslaught it is making.

The defenders of Ritualism hold a great vantage-ground. They are in earnest. They are determined. They are brave, and neither shrink nor yield. The earth may explode, but they mean to stand. Such men *ought* to be CATHOLICS, and, I believe, will be; they cannot long be content with imitation — they will seek the reality.

It is the policy of England at the present time to respect religion and conscience; hence, for the first time since the days of Henry VIII., Catholic asylums and Catholic schools are encouraged, and even supported by the Government. For Catholic institutions, Catholic chaplains are paid, and for Protestant institutions, Protestant chaplains.

Take, for example, the Government Military School in Phoenix Park, already described in these pages. In order to remove every possible objection on the score of religion, a Protestant chaplain is



employed for the Protestant boys, and a Catholic chaplain for Catholic boys. Two beautiful Gothic chapels have been erected, not far apart, one for Catholic, the other for Protestant worship. The erection of two chapels was not strictly necessary, but was done for the sake of discipline and order; as the governors of the school have assigned certain hours for Sunday services, which are the same for all.

Our own legislators would show great wisdom and tact if they, too, would authorize Catholic instruction and service for Catholics. It would improve greatly the condition of the poorer classes, and add much to their contentment and happiness. It would cherish religion in their hearts, improve their morals, and make them wiser, and therefore better, citizens.

The objection to this has been so often made, and so often refuted, that my readers are doubtless familiar with both objection and reply; still, I will give both. It is objected that if the ministrations of a Catholic priest for Catholics in our public in-

stitutions should be accorded by the State, then, for a like reason, a Methodist minister should be employed for the Methodists, an Episcopalian for the Episcopalians, and so on. Thus our public institutions would be likely to become arenas of religious controversy, and scenes of theological bitterness.

I reply, 1. Catholics, for their spiritual sustenance and preparation for death, require the ministrations of a Catholic priest. No other could possibly give them aid and consolation in their need. They believe, with unwavering faith, that the priest can forgive their sins by authority invested in him by our Lord; that none else can. The good sense and generous instincts of Protestants cannot but respect the strength and sincerity of this faith, and accord to it legal protection.

2. Were this done in behalf of the consciences of Catholics, it would not at all follow that the same thing would have to be done for all the denominations, and for this simple reason: that the con-

sciences of the denominations would not demand it any more than, than now.

At present there is not, we believe, a public institution in the country, the chaplain of which is required to be always a member of a certain denomination. When changes are made, successors are chosen without regard to denominational belief, provided, only, that the candidate be a Protestant. Yet in many of these institutions a great majority of the inmates are Catholics, or persons of other religions than the chaplain. Protestants are not so exclusive in their conscientious views as Catholics. None but a Catholic priest can instruct, console, and cheer a Catholic in his last moments; whereas any good zealous Protestant minister or layman may speak words of consolation and prayer beside the sick-bed of a fellow-Protestant. Never, as far as I have been able to learn, do the Protestant inmates of these institutions refuse the services of the chaplain, and demand a minister of their sect; still, if they should, I think their request ought to

be granted, if possible, and we presume it would be.

3. Christendom, strictly speaking, comprises only two divisions : the one, and by a great many millions the most numerous, is a unit, and is called the Roman Catholic Church ; all its members, under one head, agree in one faith and communion. The other is composed of those who do not accept all Catholic dogmas, and yet, by virtue of their opposition to this or that doctrine or practice, are held together by a sort of fraternal bond ; and these are Protestants.

4. Hence we maintain that not many, but only two religious teachers or chaplains are required for our mixed public institutions : namely, one for Protestants, the other for Catholics. We do not hesitate to put this on the broad and solid ground of American respect for every man's conscience. As the law respects the conscience of Jews and Quakers, so it ought that of Catholics. Such is the legislation of Great Britain, and of Prussia, and

of Belgium, and of Austria, and of France; and shall free America be behind the Empires of the Old World?

What possible influence can a Protestant chaplain have over Roman Catholic inmates, except to unmake or undo them? But, though ever so virtuous and zealous, he can never do *that*. And even though he did take them to pieces, he must leave them so, in utter despair; since, for his life, he could never put them together again in any presentable form. Take from a Catholic his religion, and you have taken "that which not enricheth you, but maketh him poor indeed"; for you have taken away his morals with his religion, and left him a wreck. He has lost his ballast, he has lost his rudder, he has lost all his sails and rigging; alas! what will become of him? He will be lost himself, inevitably. Ah, why cannot our legislators and philanthropists see this?

It is said—but for the honor of my State I hope it is not true—that in some institutions for the poor and

for prisoners in this State, Catholics who have honest consciences, and object to joining in Protestant worship and prayers, are compelled to do so under penalty of a severe punishment.

Can it be possible that men of education and culture would endeavor to force men to be hypocrites? for it would be hypocrisy for one to simulate worship of any kind whatever.

It is replied that such is the rule. The sooner it is changed the better. Talk of freedom of conscience! It is a bad rule that does not guarantee equal rights. I remember well, when, some years ago, I visited Deer Island on Sundays to celebrate Mass, the inmates were made to fall into line, and word was given: "Catholics, stand out!" and they alone went to chapel; but whenever the Protestant chaplain came, it was not "Protestants, stand out!" but all, without exception, were marched to chapel.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### DISESTABLISHMENT.

**A**NOTHER notable instance of wise legislation, not without forethought, is the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland. The Church established by law was a huge wen, and very properly has been amputated; but this amputation was not an act of charity, but one of stern justice to Ireland. By what right, human or Divine, could the English Government impose upon any portion of its subjects a religion which they did not believe in? Religion is an affair of conscience, not of legislation. Irish Catholics were compelled by law to pay tithes of all they possessed to the Protestant ministers. Tax men's consciences! Can anything be conceived more unjust and cruel? The only wonder is that the good people ever paid

the tax. However, Parliament has awakened at last, and reparation, though long delayed, has been in a manner made. The tithe system is no more.

*Now*, if a parson dies in a Catholic parish or district it is well understood that no other will succeed him; he is the last of his race. "The British Quarterly Review" for January last justly remarks, that "the Act for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church was one of great importance for what it did, but of still greater importance for what it implied. It disposed, once for all, of the fond fantasy that the State is bound in its collective capacity to have a conscience, and, in obedience to the dictates of that conscience, to impose its own creed upon the community as the established faith of the country, to be supported by the authority and enforced by the sanction of law."



## CHAPTER XXV.

### ENCUMBERED ESTATES.

THE "Act authorizing the sale of Encumbered Estates" will, if carried out in the spirit of its chief and original intention, relieve the country from a frightful incubus; it will enrich its population, and especially the small farmers, give them permanent homes, and good and lasting titles to their homesteads. The former nominal owner of such estates can no longer oppress the present owner; nevermore can he send officers of the crown to evict him; on the contrary, should the former owner set foot upon the land, he might himself be summarily and instantly ejected.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### TENANT'S RIGHTS.

**T**HIS Act was either the cause or the consequence, I cannot say which, of the former Act. This latter Act has greatly ameliorated the condition of the people. The tenure of property is now, in Ireland, very much like our own. Should a tenant be ejected, he can compel the landlord to compensate him for improvements made.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

ENGLAND thinks slowly, but she thinks, generally, especially nowadays, quite surely. She has come out right so often of late, that we may have great hopes of her. Since what she has done for Canada, I am convinced that she will be compelled to grant Home Rule, and a Parliament, for Ireland. A writer in "Blackwood's," of August, 1871, remarks, that "whatever a portion of the press may say, England cannot afford to despise nationalists. The green flag that these men would now hoist is not the banner of rebellion. There are at least a very considerable number who do not desire separation from England, who would wish to see Ireland intrusted with the care of her own.

interests, and able to attend to the development of her own resources."

But as regards Ireland and the Irish, there is one thing which I do want to see before I die, and that is a UNITED IRELAND; — Ireland united in religion — united in politics — united in love. No contests, no jealousies between county and county, between north and south; no Orangeism, no Ribbonism; united in all good works; united at home, united abroad. Then will good old Ireland become the admiration of the nations, and the glory of the earth!



## APPENDIX.

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### BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE REV. GEORGE F. HASKINS.

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**I**N writing a sketch of the Life of Father Haskins, we are restrained — too extensively restrained — by a hand we feel bound to obey, — his own. We begin this therefore necessarily incomplete biography under the peculiar disadvantage of being prevented from uttering our admiration or our praise.

The Rev. George F. Haskins comes from an old New England stock, firm adherents of the Episcopal Church. His father's residence was at the corner of Carver and Eliot Streets, Boston, where the subject of this sketch was born, on April 4th, 1806. The childhood and youth of the boy had nothing in them differing from the usual course

of New England lads of respectable parentage. At an early age he attended the schools of Masters Webb and Payson, which he left in 1816, and entered the Boston Latin School, in School Street. This period of Father Haskins's life is simply a dry recital of common events, with their dates.

In August, 1822, he left the Latin School and entered Harvard College. Here his course was one of earnest and successful application, and he graduated, and left Harvard, in 1826. His mind leaning to the ministry, he immediately commenced the study of theology in the Protestant Episcopal Church, under the direction of the Rev. Alonzo Potter and Rev. George W. Doane, both of whom afterwards became Protestant bishops. About this time the late Rev. Lyman Beecher (father of the present Beecher family) began, in Boston, to deliver a course of lectures against the Catholic Church—the principal result of which was the conversion to the Catholic faith of several thoughtful minds who went to search for the proof of Dr. Beecher's extravagant asser-

tions, and failed to find it ; and, on the other hand, from these fanatical tirades might be traced the stream of bad feeling that burst its restraints on the night of the burning of the Ursuline Convent, in Charlestown. These lectures were attended by Father Haskins, and by his friend George W. Lloyd, Esq., who became a Catholic shortly after the reception of Father Haskins. In answer to Dr. Lyman Beecher, a course of lectures were delivered by the lamented Bishop Fenwick and Dr. O'Flaherty, able and eloquent preachers and practisers of the Word ; and, by God's grace, both Mr. Haskins and Mr. Lloyd were led to attend these lectures, with a fair view of " hearing the other side." Thus were the seeds of truth sown in Mr. Haskins's mind almost before he wished them to come, and certainly before he realized that the foundation-stone of his Protestantism was loosened.

While this theological discussion was proceeding, Mr. Haskins officiated as lay-reader at South Leicester



Church every Sunday. On February 8th, 1829, he was ordained by Bishop Griswold.

In October, 1830, Rev. Mr. Haskins, having dissolved his connection with the House of Industry, in Boston, in which he had been acting as chaplain, received a call to the position of rector of Grace Church, Boston, which he accepted. On December 9th of the same year he received priest's orders from Bishop Griswold.

On May 22d, 1830, while acting as chaplain in the House of Industry, Mr. Haskins formed an acquaintance that led, in the end, to his happy conversion. This acquaintance was with the lamented Rev. Father Wiley, then attached to the Old Cathedral in Franklin Street. The manner of their meeting is worth relating: The Rev. Mr. Haskins was Protestant chaplain of the House of Industry, and in that institution, dying, lay an old Irish woman, who asked for a Catholic priest. The master of the house said to the poor creature, when the demand was made: "Oh! I'll send you a priest as good as any of your Catholic priests"; and he communicated with

the chaplain. Mr. Haskins went to the dying woman, and to him she repeated her desire to see a Catholic priest before she died. The earnest request had its effect; he said to the woman: "You shall have a priest; I'll go for him myself." He went out, and proceeded to the priest's house in Franklin Street, where he saw Father Wiley, told him his errand, and that he was a Protestant minister. Some conversation resulted from this announcement, which induced Mr. Haskins to say to a Protestant friend of his, on leaving the house, that he would examine for himself certain matters in Protestantism to which Father Wiley had referred; and from that day his mind was bent on finding the truth, which pursuit it never relinquished until crowned with full success. The old woman in the House of Industry was visited by Father Wiley, and received the Sacraments; when she saw the Protestant chaplain again, she raised up her poor weak hands, and, with streaming eyes, she cried out, "God bless you, sir! oh, God bless you, and may you be a Catholic yourself before you die!"

Who shall say what effect this friendless pauper's prayer had in the conversion of Father Haskins? In God's sight it weighed heavier than the supplications of kings.

In October, 1831, Rev. Mr. Haskins closed his connection with Grace Church, Boston, and accepted an engagement in Grace Church, Providence. Here his labors in the Protestant ministry were crowned with unusual success; but running under the surface of his outward calm was a wearying current of doubt and perplexity. He saw Father Wiley again, in company with his cousin, Rev. Mr. Foxcroft, and the earnest and learned conversation of that pious priest sank deep into his heart. In 1832 he left Providence, having declined an invitation to be Pastor of Grace Church. He returned to Boston, and was appointed chaplain of the House of Reformation, which position he filled until 1836, when he resigned. During the next few years we find the Rev. Mr. Haskins filling many offices of trust in his native city, such as Overseer of the Poor, Master of the Boylston Asylum, Teacher in the "School of Moral

Discipline," etc. On January 4th, 1837, we find the following entry in a diary then kept by Mr. Haskins: "Administered Communion for the last time as a Protestant, having resolved to do so no more till I have settled certain religious scruples." So all these years the good seed was sending forth its roots, and waiting for the time to fructify. In 1830 we find that the Rev. Mr. Haskins was unanimously elected Superintendent of the House of Reformation, and soon after this event that he informed the Board of Directors of his religious opinions; upon which announcement, his diary says, "they treated me with the utmost kindness and politeness." On January 30th, 1839, he surrendered the ministry in the Protestant Episcopal Church into the hands of Bishop Griswold; and in May of the same year was unanimously reëlected Superintendent of the House of Reformation. On this occasion, on his again referring to his religious opinions, a well-known member of the Board, and a gentlemen who holds a high position on a charitable Board to-day,

said to him, "We don't care if you're a Mahometan, only don't teach the children to follow you."

In 1840 he resigned the position of Superintendent of the House of Reformation. Having cleared his hands of all these worldly cares, that were only holding him back from what his heart yearned for, Mr. Haskins went to Taunton, to visit Father Wiley, with whom he spent a few days, and while there commenced a spiritual retreat of three days, to prepare for reception into the Holy Catholic Church. On November 11th, he was conditionally baptized and received into the Church by the Rev. Father Wiley, having previously made his recantation of Protestantism. Shortly afterwards he was confirmed in the Church of the Holy Cross, by Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick, and on the same day made his First Communion.

Soon after these momentous changes in his life's course, Mr. Haskins went to Europe, visiting Rome, and several other cities of the continent, finally entering the Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris. Here he became in-

timate with many gentlemen who were afterwards eminent for piety and zeal: among them the late Bishop Fitzpatrick, the present Right Rev. Bishop of Boston, Very Rev. P. F. Lyndon, V. G., and others belonging to the diocese of Boston.

While a resident in Rome, Father Haskins was present when Alphonse Ratisbonne—the Jew who was miraculously converted, in 1842, by a vision of the Blessed Virgin Mary—received First Communion. A very beautiful description of this conversion is given in the pages of a former book written by Father Haskins. In Rome, too, at this time he became acquainted with a Protestant gentleman, named Bayley, who soon afterwards was converted to Catholicity, and became a priest; he is now the Right Rev. Bishop of Newark.

On Father Haskins's return to Boston he was sent to Providence, to take the place of his spiritual parent, Father Wiley, whose health was failing. It is a beautiful and touching evidence of human affection, this continuous chain between Father Wiley and Father Haskins,

and it remained unbroken to the end. When his last hour had come, Father Wiley appointed his beloved friend executor of his worldly affairs, and died peacefully in his arms. On returning to Boston, Father Haskins was appointed Pastor of St. John's Church, and has had the charge of that and St. Stephens up to the present time.

The leading event in Father Haskins's life — the object to which he devoted all his energy and zeal — has been the establishment and management of a home for destitute boys,— the House of the Angel Guardian. The want of a Catholic Orphan Asylum for boys had long been felt. A visitor to the State Reform School, the House of Reformation, the Farm School, and the several State and County Almshouses, found in each and all of these institutions crowds of Catholic boys, whose destiny it was to lose the faith of their fathers, and go out on the world corrupted by evil association, without a guide or a responsibility, and plodding their chequered road from the almshouse probably to the State Prison. To aid in

the work of perversion, societies were formed to receive Catholic children, and provide for them, till a number should be collected sufficient to fill a car, when they were swiftly steamed to some Western State, and there sold, body and soul, to farmers and squatters. The state of things at last becoming intolerable, the Bishop appointed Father Haskins to take the necessary steps to commence the establishment of a Home for Catholic Orphans. The first place occupied for this purpose was a small frame building in Moon-street Court, which would accommodate about thirty-five boys. In a few weeks every bed had its little occupant.

Very soon it was found there was not room for one-tenth part of the applicants for admission, and it was also found that the most urgent applicants were not the most needy. On the contrary, nearly all had means enough, and brought their children to the House because they could not manage them at home. Seeing this, it was decided to follow the plan of the Directors of the St. Vincent's Asylum for girls, under the charge of the



Sisters of Charity, which was to demand of each inmate a certain sum per month or week, during their stay. This was found to have an excellent effect in preserving the self-respect of both parents and boys. If the child, however, is indeed a friendless orphan, he is not turned away from the door because of want of means to pay for support, but he is received into the institution, and clothed, fed, and taught like the others, and provided, after a time, with a good home. During the year 1871, the amount received for board of boys was \$13,259.53; and in the two previous years, by their exhibitions of music and declamation, the boys earned more than \$5,000 clear of all expenses.

Since the establishment of the House of the Angel Guardian, nearly 5,000 boys have been received, educated, and sent out to good homes, to trades and professions. To-day some are lawyers, some are artists, some mechanics, some musicians, some clerks and book-keepers, some live in family service, and many are steady, honest laborers.

In his Report for 1871, Father Haskins says: "Were it not for the Home for Destitute Children, the House of the Angel Guardian, and the Home for Little Wanderers, our State and Municipal authorities would have been forced, by sheer necessity, to erect additional buildings, or else to establish other juvenile asylums.

"Therefore it is, that, with the independence which I think becomes a true American, I plead for denominational asylums. Let persons of any denomination of religious belief purchase buildings and lands, and establish an asylum for the orphans, for the homeless and the wayward, to be managed by persons of their own faith; then let the State come forward with its 'God speed you!' — 'We will aid you.' This, surely, would be the wisest policy of any State that attached importance to the inculcation of religion and morals."







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